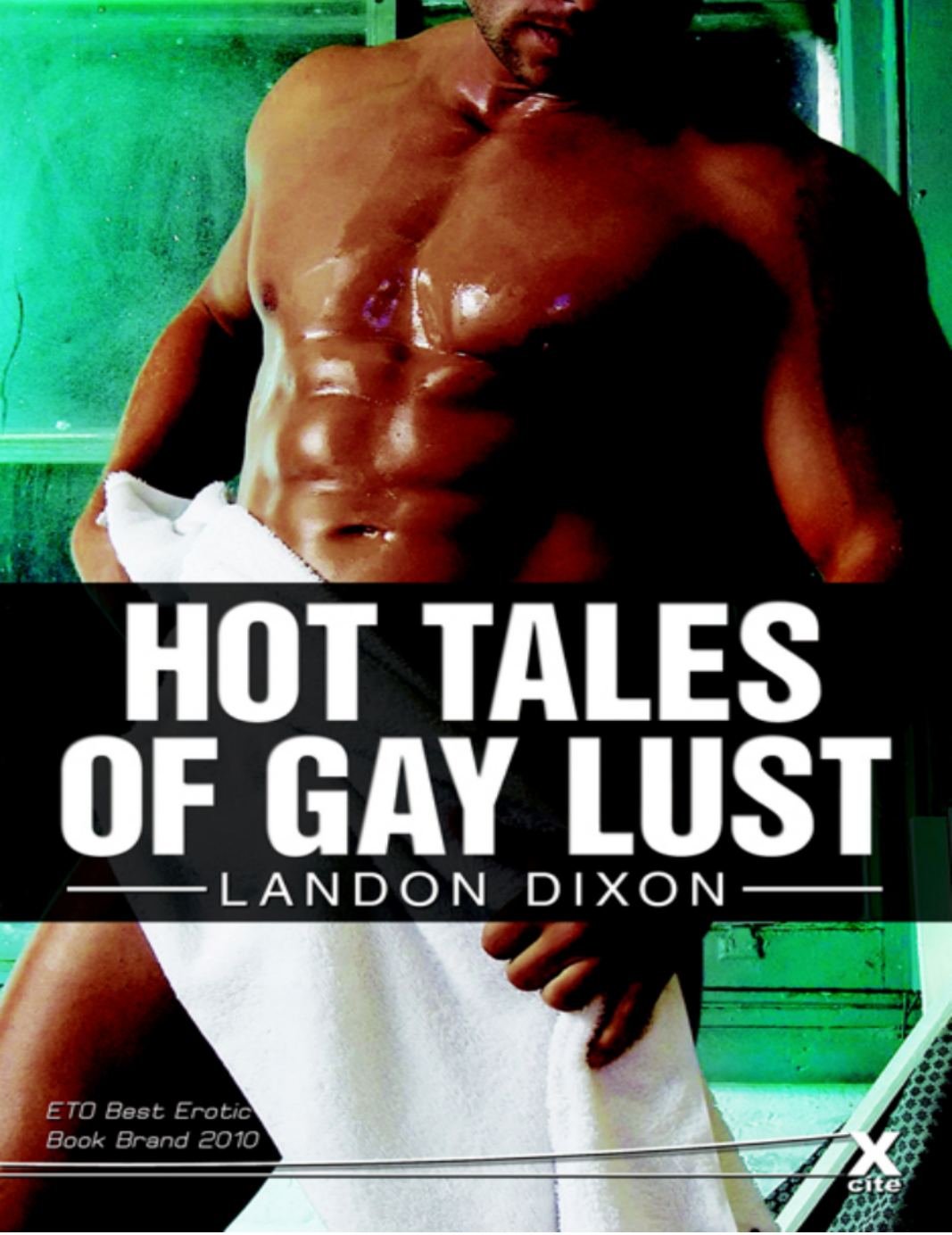
HOT TALES
OF GAY LUST
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HOT TALES OF GAY LUST

Landon Dixon

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Raining Men

Raymond Searles sat at his desk, working late, as usual. He was poring over some briefs he wanted to have ready for a court date tomorrow morning, his dedication to his job directly related to his ambition, inversely impacting on his personal life.

He looked up, out at the darkened, deserted outer office. All of the other firm's lawyers had long since gone home to their families. Raymond's hand dropped down onto the telephone, thinking of Jess. He really should give him a call, tell him he'd be coming home ... soon. What was this, the third, fourth night in a row he'd worked late already this week?

Raymond shook his head. He couldn't remember when he *hadn't* worked late. There was just so much to do and so little time to do it in, so few partner openings coming up next month. His hand slid off the phone.

He'd only get another lecture from Jess, anyway. The guy was great, but he'd been harping more and more, lately, on how little time they'd been spending together. Raymond could do without that hassle right now. He'd make it up to Jess at the weekend. They'd go to the beach, make love on the sand ... How long *had* it been since they'd last made love?

Raymond shook his head with a rueful grin and went back to his work, forgetting all about Jess.

He didn't raise his head out of the law books and paperwork again for another two hours. And only then when he heard something splattering against his third floor window. He spun around in his chair and stared at the window.

It was raining, coming down hard. The wind was gusting water against the glass, sheeting down in torrents out in the street.

Raymond rose out of his chair and stretched his legs, looking down into the rain-washed night. He glanced at his watch – 1 a.m. The street was deserted, the pavement glistening like oil with the moisture, the air misted with it.

No, the street wasn't quite deserted. A couple came running down the sidewalk, hand in hand, their other hands up over their heads, trying to shield themselves from the rain. They quickly gave that up and jogged to a stop. One of the men pushed the other up against the wall of the building opposite, and kissed him.

Ah, lovers in the rain, Raymond thought. He reached over and snapped the light off on his desk, to give himself a better view from the dark.

They were two men, all right. One was tall and lean and blond, the other shorter, smaller, with dark hair. They were haloed in the yellow, shimmering light of a streetlamp, the dark-haired man pinning the blond up against the wall and working the man's mouth over with his mouth.

Raymond couldn't see faces, but he could see the action clear enough; the

only one who was seeing it, judging by the emptiness of the street and the buildings all around. The men probably thought they had the stormy night all to themselves, because the brunette pulled the blond's T-shirt out of his jeans, baring the man's chest to the rain, then to his mouth. The smaller man began vigorously kissing all over the taller man's chest, raining his lips down like water.

Raymond could see now that this might develop into something. He could remember a time when he and Jess didn't have a place of their own to make love, so they had to improvise with whatever was available. That was also a time when the passion flared so hot and bright they had to improvise as fast as they could. Like those lovers down in the street below.

Raymond felt his balls tingle, his cock surge in his pants, watching the one man ravage the other man's chest. That chest was smooth and slick and no doubt hot, getting felt up, the nipples getting tongued and sucked, no doubt hardening, expanding with erotic sensations thanks to the one man's hungry mouth. Raymond slowly unzipped the fly on his dark-blue business suit and reached inside.

He shivered when he clutched his cock. He was even harder than he'd expected, pulsing with excitement, and need. It *had* been a long time, too long; since he'd done anything so sexually spontaneous. He glanced behind him at his open door. The outside offices were still dark, quiet, no one around to disturb him. He drew his erection fully out into the open, let it beat hotly in his warm, gripping hand.

The lovers were kissing again, arms around one another, heads moving, bobbing. Raymond took a tentative stroke of his cock, and shuddered with pleasure. It was a hot night, despite the downpour, and the pair below were wearing just jeans and T-shirts. And those were coming off fast now, the shorter man stripping off his tee, the blond pulling his the rest of the way off. Their skin shone in the light from the streetlamp.

Raymond stroked slow and sure, tugging on his erection with a practised hand. Then he groaned, when the men suddenly dashed off down the sidewalk, grasping their wet T-shirts in their hands. Raymond's hand froze on his cock. Was this the end of the show?

No! He blew out his cheeks in relief, and amazement, when the men darted into an alley, began seriously stripping off their clothes, taking their lovemaking to a whole new level that rated at least some measure of privacy. Or so they thought.

Because now Raymond actually had an even better view of the sexy goings-on. The alley was almost directly across from his window, the men turned sideways now, one no longer partially blocking out the other, the streetlight still illuminating their activities, silhouetting things even more dramatically and erotically.

Jeans came off, were discarded on top of the damp T-shirts already lying on the slick alley floor. The men were just in their briefs, their soaking wet

briefs. Raymond could see the prominent bulges at groin level. He licked his lips and swallowed, gliding his hand along his own straining erection just a little faster, a little harder.

The dark-haired man pressed the blond up against the alley wall, their naked flesh melding together, thinly-clad cocks squeezing together. Raymond groaned, mentally experiencing the wicked pleasure of two men's cocks jamming, sliding against one another's. For the shorter man was pumping his hips, pumping his cock into the other man's cock, as they kissed, frenched, their outstretched tongues dancing together under the onslaught of water and desire.

Raymond loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt with his free hand. He slid his hand onto his chest, quivering when his searching fingers found a buzzing nipple. He cupped one pec, pinched one nipple, did the same to the other aroused pec and nipple, glaring down at the men in the alley, pumping his cock.

The dark-haired one pulled his tongue out of the blond's mouth and began kissing and licking his way down the blond's chest. He swirled his tongue around nipples, sealed his lips to one and sucked on it, did the same to the other nipple, the blond man writhing against the dripping wall. The brunette went lower, his hair plastered to his head, his tongue flicking out and tasting, basting hot, taut skin. He gripped the blond's thin hips and swarmed his mouth-organ all over the tightened muscles of the man's heaving stomach.

'Jesus, yes!' Raymond breathed, taking it all in, mesmerized by it all. He pumped his cock and rolled his nipples, watching with unblinking eyes as the man speared his tongue into the other's bellybutton and squirmed it around.

The blond's cock bulged his sodden briefs to bursting, right in front of the squatting man's face. 'Suck it! Suck his cock!' Raymond hissed, his mind briefly flashing onto Jess, how that lovely man could suck so hard and so hot.

And that mind's eye picture of Jess, squatting down on his knees with his delicious mouth and throat full of Raymond's cock, caused Raymond to temporarily halt the heated hand motion on his prick. Was he cheating on Jess? Jerking off while he watched two men make love in an alley?

He grinned, stroking again. It would never stand up in court, he thought, only half humorously. Masturbating wasn't cheating, no matter what triggered it. And what had triggered it was now burning wetly incandescent before Raymond's very glaring eyes, a stunning scene he just couldn't look away from, not get off on.

The kneeling man had his fingers in the waistband of the blond's briefs, was slowly pulling them down. The blond arched his back and his groin out, urging his lover on. The briefs slid lower, tangling over the top of the man's erection, which was now pulled straight out, at a tremendous length.

'Yes! Pull them off! Suck him off!' Raymond urged, twisting a nipple so hard he wanted to scream.

The brunette gave a final yank, and the water-logged briefs popped off the

blond's penis and fell down his legs. Hot, bare, long cock jutted out, twitching in the rain, cap and shaft shining.

The kneeling man grasped the standing man's cock, lacing his fingers around pulsating shaft. And Raymond swore he could hear the howl of the blond, as the man felt the impact of that hand.

The brunette stroked, pumping the thrust-out cock, motions oiled by the falling rain. Raymond tugged on his own prick in rhythm, his mouth broken open like the blond's. The brunette cupped the man's balls, squeezed. Raymond dove his hand down off his chest and clutched his own sex-tightened sac, and squeezed, twisted, stroking and stroking and stroking.

Lightning split the sky wide open, bathing the ultra-erotic scene in pure white light. Just as the brunette opened his mouth up wide and swallowed the blond's cap.

'Yes!' Raymond grunted, swirling his fingers all over his hood.

The kneeling man pulled on his lover's bloated knob with his plush lips, pulling the blond off the wall, then pushing him back. He dodged his head closer, taking shaft into his mouth, and sucking on it. And then he pressed his advantage all the way home, consuming the blond's entire cock in one breathtaking swallow.

'Fuck, yeah!' Raymond growled, marvelling at the oral skills of the man on his knees.

The brunette's face pressed right up against the blond's abdomen, cock disappeared, buried in the other man's mouth and throat. The blond grabbed onto his lover's hair, his body vibrating out of control, overwhelmed by the exquisite sensations he was feeling.

The brunette abruptly pulled back. Cock burst out of his mouth, huge and hard and even wetter still. He gripped the base of it, mouthed the hood and shaft, sucking tight and hard and almost full-length.

'Give it to him! Suck him!' Raymond hissed, torquing up the pressure on his own prick, matching the frenetic pace of the talented cocksucker below.

Lightning flashed and rain slashed down, the brunette urgently wet-vaccing the blond's cock, the blond bending with the savage sensuality of it all. And then a peel of thunder ripped the heavens, and the brunette yanked dick out of his bottomless throat and mouth and sprang to his feet. He spun the blond around, spread him up against the wall.

Raymond grinned through gritted teeth, his cock gone numb-hard in his urgently pumping hand. He twisted and pulled on his balls, his body bowing now just like the blond's had earlier.

The blond planted his hands on the wall, his long legs slightly apart, up on his toes. As he felt the sharp slap of the brunette's cock against his butt cheeks. He knew he was going to be fucked, up the ass, in the rain, out in the open.

One more brisk bash of granite cock on trembling cheek and the brunette gripped the blond's hip with one hand, plunged his dick in between the

blond's water-dappled buttocks with the other. Both men shuddered, cockhead hitting manhole. Then driving home.

Raymond fisted his prick, watching the one man sink into the other, cock penetrating anus and plunging chute. Until the brunette took his hand away and squeezed the final few inches of turgid meat inside his lover with a hard thrust of his hips, his thighs touching up against the other man's quivering cheeks.

The street lit up with lightning, thunder shaking the buildings, as the brunette rocked back and forth, fucking the blond.

Raymond groaned and fisted harder, faster, his face and body burning. The brunette clutched the blond's hips and vigorously pumped his. Raymond could see silver cock gliding back and forth, plundering ass, almost hear the crack of wet flesh against wet flesh, even over the raging storm. He'd fucked Jess many a time just like this, though not in a long time, and not so publicly.

The brunette moved faster, pumping rhythmically, rippling the blond's cheeks, ploughing the blond's ass. Raymond fisted in a frenzy, his breath coming in gasps. He wanted to time it just right, get off just as the rain-soaked men got off, making the spectacle complete.

The blond had his own cock in his hand and was furiously tugging on it, as he got cocked up the ass. They were all coming closer, driving forward, the pressure piling up to the blow-off point.

Raymond couldn't control himself. 'Fuck, yes!' he howled, snapping up straight and jetting out of the end of his overhandled dong. Rope after rope of heated sperm blasted out and splashed against the rain-washed window.

Just as the brunette reared back his head and roared out his ecstasy. As the blond jerked and spurted sperm against the cement wall. The men were jolted almost to pieces by their unrestrained joy, the brunette blazing liquid fire into the blond's ass, the blond adding to the unrelenting torrent of liquid already coating the streets. Raymond couldn't remember the last time he'd come so hard and so long.

When he finally arrived home, he was surprised to find Jess still awake. The man was in the bathroom, rubbing his hair with a towel.

'What's the matter?' Raymond asked good-naturedly, still feeling slightly guilty about what he'd been a part of. 'Did you get caught out in the rain?'

Jess grinned, lowering the towel down to his shoulders. His brown hair gleamed wetly under the bathroom lights. 'You could say that,' he responded.

Raymond smiled back, relieved that the man wasn't mad at him for working so late again, ignoring their home life again. But then he heard the dryer rumbling in the background and, as he looked at the small, smiling brunette, he began to get a cold, sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

His worst fears were confirmed, when Jess added, 'I went to see you in your office tonight. But I got sort of waylaid by the rain. Will you be working late again tomorrow night?'

Demo version limitation

Demo version limitation

The Fucking Edge

I drove my cock deep into his hole, swelling his ass. He groaned and grabbed onto his chest, spinning his nipples between his fingers, as I gripped his ankles and started rocking him back and forth on top of the pool table.

He was hot, tight. I stretched his chute with my club, slamming all the way in, pulling almost all the way back out. His ring clutched at my hood. I drove my entire eight inches into his bowels.

He rolled his head from side to side on the green felt, his blond hair getting tangled in his pleading blue eyes. He'd never been reamed like this before, never this ruthlessly, and he didn't know himself whether he wanted me to stop, or to go even harder. I didn't give a fuck what he wanted. I drove him harder, spreading his legs wide and cleaving his anus with my axe. He was a hot piece of ass, and I liked the ride.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, above the smack of my thighs against the blond's ass cheeks, his tortured squeals of pain and pleasure; footsteps rushing down into the basement. 'What the hell's going on?!' Kris bleated.

I turned my head, still cornholing the blond. 'Fucks it look like?' I grunted. 'I'm stretching this slut.'

Kris staggered down the last couple of steps, his brown eyes bulging. 'But–but ... we're married! You can't ... you promised ...'

'Can't teach an old horndog new tricks, huh?' I grinned, pumping rhythmically into the blond. We were both naked, his little body and my big one shining under the lights. 'C'mon over and grab a piece. Guy's got a nice cock.' I reached in between the man's trembling legs and grabbed onto his dick, jerked it upright. It surged in my hand, my cock surging in his ass.

Kris went ape-shit. 'You cheating ... asshole!' the little redhead screamed. 'I'm going to kill you!'

He ran back up the stairs.

'Maybe I should get out of here?' the blond yelped on the end of my cock.

'You're not going anywhere, pretty boy. I'm not finished with you yet. Here, play with this.' I yanked his cock almost right off his body, grabbed back onto his other ankle, fucking him even harder.

His frightened eyes got that glazed look they'd had when I'd first rammed my meat into his ass. He grasped his bouncing cock, stroked as I pumped.

Kris came flying down the stairs, a kitchen knife clutched in his hand. He ran up to me and pressed the tip of the blade against my throat.

'Oh, Jesus!' the blond groaned, his eyes going all scared again. His neat, trim, tanned body glistened with sweat, his shaven balls bounding to my thumping beat.

I didn't miss a beat. I kept right on fucking the blond, as Kris pressed the knife into my throat. 'Either use it or lose it,' I growled. 'I'm not pulling out of this hot stuff until I've christened his bowels with my jizz.'

Kris glared at me, his eyes shining madly, the knife shaking in his little hand. I like them small in body and big in cock, and Kris had a dong. My own hammer squished back and forth in the blond's anus. I even corkscrewed a bit, getting even deeper penetration, meeting Kris' eyes and laughing.

He dropped the knife, and it clattered to the tiled floor. He buried his face in his hands and started sobbing. I grabbed his thin neck and shoved him up against the pool table. 'Do something useful. Suck this guy's cock.'

I let go of him and picked up the pace on the blond's ass, stroking faster, harder. Kris blinked his tears away and climbed up onto the pool table. He straddled the blond's head, afraid to look at me, undid his pants and pushed them down. His cock sprang out into the open almost as hard and big as mine.

I laughed. 'Thought so, you fucking drama queen.'

He bent over the blond's groin and grabbed his cock and stuffed the bloated tip into his mouth, staring at me now. His head went straight down, consuming the guy's prick in one gulp. The blond moaned from under Kris' dangling dick.

'Suck him, Blondie!' I grunted. I couldn't even remember the guy's name. He'd looked a nice piece of ass in the sporting goods store, and I'd taken him home. I hammered my cock into his anus.

Kris sucked, Blondie sucked, the pair sixty-nining each other as I shunted chute. The blond couldn't take it, all the domestic drama, the cock sawing his ass, his cock in Kris' mouth, driving him wild. His body bucked on the table, his ass walls squeezing down on my prick, coming.

Kris' throat worked overtime, jizz leaking out of the corners of his mouth. Then he trembled and gasped with his mouth full of meat and come. I knew that gasp, had heard it enough times before. He unloaded his steaming load in the blond's mouth, right down the guy's throat.

I watched it all with a grin on my face, never breaking stride in the blond's ass. 'OK, get his dick out of your mouth,' I told Kris. 'I'm going to come all over his cock and you're going to suck it clean.'

Kris popped the blond's prong out of his mouth in a gush of come and saliva, looking expectantly up at me, feeling me torque the blond. I clutched Blondie's ankles in twin death grips and hammered into his ass, rattling the pool table and the pair of men on top of it.

'Here it comes, lovers!' I rasped. Then grinned, and shot into the blond's ass, shuddering with ecstasy, creaming the guy's chute to overflowing.

Teaching them both a valuable lesson – about who's boss.

A week later, I was in the shallow end of the pool in our backyard, up to my thighs, two guys kneeling in the water in front of me, taking my meat into their mouths as I fed it to them.

It was a hot, humid day, the sun burning down. We were all nude. Maybe the neighbours could see over their back fences, maybe they couldn't. Made no fucking difference to me.

The guy on the left of my dick was Rene, a smooth-built brunette with

sparkling blue eyes and a red-lipped mouth. The guy on the other side was Lester, a lean black man with a shaved head and a gold earring studding his right ear. His ebony skin gleamed under the sun like his deep brown eyes, as he watched me feed my snake into Rene's mouth, right down the guy's throat.

Rene gagged, clawing at my left thigh. I smacked his hands away, drove home more of my cock. His cheeks bulged obscenely, and you could see his throat bloat with the progress my prong was making going down. Lester played with my hanging balls, watching, waiting eagerly for his turn.

'Oh my God, no!' someone cried.

I looked up. Lester looked around.

It was Kris, back from work and changed into his swimsuit, wanting to cool down after a hard day at the office. Now he was hot, blowing another gasket. 'That's it! I've had all I can take!' He plunged back inside the sliding doors.

Rene stared up at me with enquiring eyes, his gag reflex forgotten, my balls pressing into his chin. Lester got up to leave. I pressed the man back down into the water with a hand on his shoulder. 'No one's going anywhere until I've blasted your mouths full,' I stated.

I gripped what little was left showing of my prick and pulled it out of Rene's mouth, nice and slow, spit shining all over the engorged member. I popped out, turned slightly, rammed into Lester's neon-pink mouth.

His nostrils flared as he struggled to suck air into his lungs, as I relentlessly drove my dick into his mouth and down his throat. He didn't gag like Rene, but snot bubbled out of his nose and spit strung down from the sides of his stretched lips. His mouth and throat were as wet and hot as any man's. I plugged him full, held it there.

Kris came running out of the house with my nickel-plated .38 in his hands. He dashed around the side of the pool and jumped in, jammed the muzzle of the gun up against the side of my head.

'Holy fuck!' Rene yelped.

I held him down with a heavy hand, keeping my cock buried full-length inside Lester's maw. 'I thought we were through with this shit, Kris?' I growled.

The gun barrel trembled against my temple. 'You thought?' Kris screamed. 'I thought *you* were through with this shit – having sex with other men with no consideration for me or our marriage!'

I laughed, gently undulating my dong back and forth in Lester's mouth and throat. 'I considered you. Get down on your knees. There's room for one more, lots of cock to go around.'

'You goddamn asshole!'

Lester's eyes bugged almost all white. Rene's shoulders trembled. I pumped Lester's face, shifting my hips, fucking his throat.

Kris cried out and the gun fell out of his hand and into the pool. I steered him in front of me, pushed him down, alongside the other two kneeling men.

Then I slowly pulled my gleaming cock out of Lester's mouth and filled Kris' with it.

That stopped his sobbing. He looked up at me with tear-brimmed eyes, as I pushed into the back of his throat and down. The redhead could deep-throat with the best of them, his gag reflex long gone thanks to my repeated mouth-fuckings.

The other two men watched me plunge Kris' kisser. I'd picked them up at a bar I used to cruise all the time when I was single, still went to on a regular basis now that I was married. I was supposed to be at work, but the cop's union is a good one, and the day was just too nice to waste it on a beat.

Kris grabbed onto my ass, his fingernails biting into my cheeks. He bobbed his head vigorously back and forth, wet-vaccing out an apology. I crushed a clump of his red hair in my one fist, Rene's brown hair on the opposite end in the other. Then I jerked my hips back, pulling my slab out of Kris' maw.

'Everyone have a taste,' I said, sticking my dick at Lester in the middle.

He swallowed the meaty crown, chewed on it, while Rene and Kris paired up on either side of my vein-ribboned shaft, sucking up and down the sides. It felt good, and I grunted, tilting my head back into the sun, getting sucked and licked three ways.

Kris and Rene hummered my swollen tube-steak between them, tongues caressing, lips cushioning, as Lester tugged on my hood with his thick, black lips. Then Kris dipped his head down to my balls and gobbled up my sac and sucked on it.

My legs buckled a bit. Lester inhaled more of my prong, his diving lips meeting up with Rene's sucking lips on the side of my shaft. Kris juggled my balls around with his tongue, my entire pouch in his mouth.

It was hot, it was wet, it was wild and wide-open. I got a firm grip on the base of my dong and force-fed each of the men in turn. I slammed it into Kris' mouth and pumped back and forth. I pulled out and drove full-length into Lester, plumbing the depths of his throat, fucking it. Then I yanked free and plundered Rene's mouth and throat, pinching the red-faced man's nostrils closed as I sawed back and forth inside him.

I went up and down the line, stuffing hungry mouths, stretching bulging throats. Until I felt the seed start to pop in my tightened sac. 'Get closer, all together. I'm going to come.'

They flung their arms around each other's shoulders and crowded in close like I was taking a group snapshot. I stroked my shining meat, bucked.

Semen blasted out the tip of my surging cock and splashed against the junction of the three men's mouths, their outstretched tongues. I striped each of their eager faces in turn, sprayed their tongues all together. It was like feeding time at the zoo, and I fed them a huge, hot load. They fought with their tongues and mouths to get all of the sizzling sperm I had to deliver.

It was a couple of weeks later, and I was heading out to my car in the grocery

store parking lot. I could see the car was rocking even before I got to it.

When I got to it, I looked in. Kris was on top of some guy I'd never seen before, in the backseat. The guy's feet were up around Kris' ears, Kris' bare, tanned ass clenching and unclenching. He was butt-fucking the guy, in the back of my car.

I opened the door, and Kris turned his head and looked at me, a grin splitting his pretty face like he was splitting that laid-out man's ass. 'Three can play at this game,' he cracked.

The car smelt of sex. I dropped into the seat and cranked the engine.

'Oooh, sex on the move,' Kris cooed, pumping into the other guy.

I could hear the smack of thighs against ass cheeks, the grunts and groans of the two men, as I gripped the steering wheel with whitened knuckles and hit the road out of town.

'Pull over and come join the fun!' Kris yelled over the backseat, leering at me in the rearview mirror. He was pounding into the other guy, leaning against the man's legs and really thrusting his hips, pumping his buttocks, cock going in and in and into the man's asshole.

I jerked the wheel over to the right when I came to the park, pressed the accelerator down hard. The moans and squeals from the back, the crack of bare flesh against bare flesh filled my head.

I came to a fence, drove through, across a field, the car bouncing. The fucking in back stopped. Kris popped his head up in between the seats. 'What are you doing?! Where are you going?!'

I pressed the accelerator all the way to the floor, and the car rocketed across the field. When we were 30 feet away from the wooden guard rail that signalled the edge of the cliff, and the 500-foot drop beyond, I shouldered the door open and tumbled out of the car.

I hit the ground hard, rolling. The car flew over the cliff and into the great beyond.

I don't put up with the shit Kris was trying to get away with it. I fuck them, I own them.

End of story.

Demo version limitation

Demo version limitation

Security Meltdown

I wheeled up to the gate of the Plastech complex, waited. No one came out of the booth to challenge me. I exited the car, easily scaling the chain-link fence and dropping down on the other side. Not a sound, except the frogs croaking up a storm in the ditches. Not a security guard in sight.

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The two-storey office building of the flexible packaging manufacturer was dead-ahead, the plant looming up in the darkness directly behind. I jogged towards the office, no one stepping out of the shadows to shine a flash on me, ask me what the hell I was doing.

I took the front steps two at a time, peered inside the glass double-doors. Dark, empty. I inserted a key in the lock and opened the door, slipped inside, pressed against a wall and listened. Nothing. Just the sound of the light buzzing over the door, the frogs raising a racket in the background. My blood went from simmer to boil.

I walked past the reception desk and into the hushed confines of the open-area cubicle farm on the first floor. No one around. No one slamming me up against the wall and frisking me. I cursed the darkness and the silence, the goddamn frogs.

Then I heard something. Coming from the second floor. A noise, low and long, like a wounded animal, or human. I charged up the stairs and down a hall, into another open-area cubicle farm. There was a light burning in a glass-fronted office overlooking the cubicles, at the end of the line, against the far wall. The noise came again, low and long, and louder.

I weaved my way through the maze to within ten feet of the lit office. Then I hit the brakes, hard.

I'd found my security guards – the guys hired to protect the Plastech plant from uninvited intruders like myself. They were inside the tiny office, Darren Schur standing, long legs planted wide apart, long arms gripping an upside-down Tony Valetti around the waist, the two men stark, raving naked except for their black boots, Darren sucking Tony's cock while Tony sucked Darren's. A hanging 69, for Christ's sake!

I froze in the dark, surveilling the situation. As Security Chief at Manguard I had a job to do – fire the two cocksuckers for dereliction of duty. But as a man who loved other men – a lot – I had a very personal reason for holding my position. I'm known at Manguard as being a short-fused hardcase with a raging Napoleon complex, but nothing makes this short, 40-something, shaven-head warrior harder, and happier, than the sight of two hot-looking studs doing sexual battle with one another.

I hadn't hired Darren and Tony, had never met them before, in fact; I'd been on mandatory three-week vacation when they'd come on-board. But I recognised their pretty mugs from the file photos, recognised the blue

uniforms strewn all over the carpeted floor. And I was truly impressed with what I was seeing of the rest of them.

Darren was tall and blond and blue-eyed, hair shoulder-length and feathered, limbs long and lean, skin smooth and creamy-white. His cock pumping in and out of Tony's hanging mouth looked to be a whopping eight-incher, at least. Tony was medium height (from what I could judge), with a muscular build and model good looks, glossy black hair and sultry brown eyes, creamed-coffee skin. The guy's tan, veiny pole, that Darren was sliding his lips back and forth on, was an incredible nine inches or more, if I was any judge of cock size – and I was.

The two men entangled on the job in front of me were totally lost in each other, oblivious to my presence and probably any all-out assault on the plant. Darren was taking Tony's pipe about halfway down, head moving briskly, Tony's thunder-shaft glistening under the fluorescent lights. Tony's thighs were wrapped around Darren's neck, plump, round buttocks staring me and Darren in the face. He had his hands on Darren's hips, holding on, hair flying, pink, delicious meat gliding in between his lips.

Then Darren suddenly spat out Tony's monster cock and let out a long, low moan – the sound that had first attracted me to the sex scene – as Tony vigorously pumped the guy's dick with his mouth. Darren's blond-dusted body trembled, but he held on, held on to Tony. He opened his eyes and painted the inches and inches of Tony's jumping erection with his tongue. He mouthed the man's balls, licked the man's asshole.

I retreated a couple of steps, letting the darkness swallow me whole, but not compromising my wicked sightlines one iota. I unzipped my pants, one zipper tooth at a time. Then I eased a hand inside, drew my own baton out into the open, primed and yearning for action. Darren pulled Tony's butt cheeks apart and plunged his tongue home. I started fisting.

Despite my small vertical stature, my cock poles out at a rather impressive seven-and-one-half inches. And I covered every engorged, throbbing inch of it, swirling my hand up and down in conduct unbecoming a security officer. Tony's body vibrated, almost tumbling out of the blond's arms, Darren digging wet and insistent into his asshole.

Tony scissored his legs even tighter around Darren's neck, arching his head and crying, 'Yeah!' He bit into Darren's purple cocktop, hand-pumping the guy's shaft even faster than I was pumping. Darren fucked Tony's sexhole with his hardened sticker.

I slid a hand into my jacket, inside my shirt, onto a swollen nipple. I gripped it and squeezed, biting my lip to keep from moaning like Darren, as my body flooded with heat. Hand flying on my prick, fingers pinching and twisting my nipples, I watched and waxed enthusiastic.

'Fuck, suck my cock!' Darren howled, his tongue out of his buddy's ass now, head flung back. He pistoned his hips, jamming his cock deep into Tony's hot, wet mouth.

Tears dripped from Tony's eyes down onto the carpet, as he took everything Darren gave him, throat bulging with cock, nose nuzzling blond fur. Darren quivered, inhaled the dangling man's dick almost to the three-quarter's mark. He kept Tony locked in his mouth like he was cock-locked in Tony's throat, fingers scrambling into Tony's glory hole and pumping.

Tony's body suddenly rippled, jerked, orgasm exploding inside of the man, flooding his lover's mouth with heated jism. I could tell by the white stuff leaking out of the corners of Darren's mouth. His throat worked overtime, desperate to take everything Tony had to offer. Then he, too, was jolted by orgasm, moaning around Tony's pulsing cock, legs shaking out-of-control. Tony jerked his head back, frantically tugging on Darren's glistening shaft, taking the come onslaught like a man – in the mouth, on his face, sperm spraying everywhere.

I watched it all, numb from the hood in, hand a blur on my rod, fingernails chewing my nipples. I wanted to come like Tony and Darren were coming, their gleaming bodies bucking with joy, but I was still a handful of swift strokes away. When my sweaty mitt slid out along the desk I'd been gripping and knocked a stapler flying into a metal trash can. The clatter echoed loud and clear.

The two cocky spurters in the office-turned-orgy room twisted their heads around, squinted into the darkness. I strangled my cock, hastily holstering and zipping up. Just as Darren dropped Tony, the guy rolling onto his back and up, and the two nude, dick-bobbing security officers charged out of the steamy room towards me.

They quickly collared me, grabbing my arms and pulling me into the light of the office. I stared at them, eyes bouncing back and forth between their handsome faces and hunky bodies like ping-pong balls. I tried to say something, but my throat was too dry to form words. I croaked like the frogs outside.

The big, built guards gave me the once-over, their eyes meeting at the suspicious bulge in my pants. I wasn't wearing my uniform (I was testing their work undercover), and they'd never met me before, but they didn't bother wasting any time demanding to know who I was, or what I was doing. Instead, Tony dropped to his knees and unzipped me, pulled the evidence of my excitement out of my pants and into his mouth, sucking on my bloated cap.

It was unprofessional as hell, on everyone's part, but what could I do? Darren had my arms pinned behind my back – loosely pinned, mind you – the long, tall blond running his wet tongue up and down my neck, in behind my ears. I could've escaped, sure, but I went limp as a noodle in Darren's strong arms instead, hard as a granite club in Tony's wet-hot mouth. I took it and loved it, Tony's plush lips sliding back and forth on my boiling shaft, Darren's thick tongue swirling around in my ear.

'I think we got the situation under control, huh, Tony?' Darren breathed,

biting into my earlobe.

Tony popped my dripping dong out of his mouth and licked me up and down. 'Yeah, under control,' he murmured.

'Under ... control,' I mouthed, far from it myself. My head was spinning like a car-top gumball machine, body hot and heavy and seething with sexual electricity, cock a raging inferno on the end of Tony's slapping tongue. I'd tangled with plenty of guys in my time, but never been tag-teamed before. I was getting the third degree of my life.

Darren turned my face towards his and kissed me, frenched me, traced the black line of my pencil moustache with the tip of his wandering tongue. Tony had me by the balls now, tea-bagging for all he was worth, my entire sac in his mouth, getting sucked. He juggled my balls around with his tongue and tugged on my pouch, Darren squirming his tongue into my mouth, almost right down my throat.

I couldn't breathe, I couldn't resist, I couldn't get enough. Darren pulled off my jacket, tore open my shirt, exposing my heaving, hairy chest, his tongue still doing tricks in my mouth. He cupped and squeezed my pecs, pinching and rolling my flared, needful nipples. A lightning bolt shot through me, dripping out the end of my quivering dick and onto Tony's upturned face.

The raven-haired stud kept on sucking my sack, pre-come oozing out of my slit and dropping onto his forehead. He bit into my balls, and I squealed in Darren's mouth. Darren twisted my nipples, mopping out the insides of my mouth with his tongue, my body and brain buzzing.

'Suck him! Suck his big cock!' Darren hissed at his buddy.

We both looked down at Tony, as the squatting muscleman slowly and wetly and sensually disgorged my bag. He looked up at us from under my towering, twitching cock, and grinned. Then he straightened his head and gripped my hips, staring me in the cap.

'Get ready, guy,' Darren warned, plucking my nipples almost right off my chest.

Tony squared himself away, brought his head forward, the shiny, mushroomed hood of my cock parting his lips, sliding into his mouth. He kept going, my shaft gliding inside him, oiling over his tongue, more and more and more of it.

I started to shake, violently. Darren held me tight by the nipples. More than half my meat was buried in Tony's heated mouth, but still he came on. Three inches, two inches, one inch of shaft showing – and then none. The man's nose dented my fur, my long, hard dong embedded to the balls inside his gripping mouth and throat.

I groaned, cock and body surging with a wicked tingling sensation that shook me down to my shoes. Darren and I gaped at Tony, at his bulging cheeks and throat, his soft lips pressing into my springy pubes, my entire inflamed manhood buried inside him. But the awesome deep-throater wasn't done yet, because, incredibly, I felt his tongue snake out of his mouth and lick

at my balls.

'God in heaven!' I gasped, the erotic experience downright religious.

Darren was more practical. 'The guy can suck the nickel plate off a revolver,' he marvelled, biting into my neck, squeezing my aching nipples.

Hot, humid breath steamed out of Tony's nose and onto my groin, my pulsating member locked tight in the infernoic confines of the guy's throat. He looked up at me, brown eyes smiling. Before finally, slowly and deliberately, pulling back, letting my meat ooze out of his mouth raw and red and dripping.

I sighed in relief when at last my hood popped out from between his lips. Relief that I hadn't blown my load and brought a premature halt to the sizzling proceedings. I sensed that the boys-out-of-blue were just getting started working me over. And I couldn't have been more right, or grateful.

Tony sucked me some more, diving down to my pubes and back up again, the pressure on my shaft incredible. Darren bit into my tongue and pulled it out of my mouth, sucked on it like Tony was sucking on my cock, manhandling my chest all the while.

Then the two men abruptly ceased their erotic actions, synchronised like a well-trained, experienced team. Tony unbelted, unbuttoned, and jerked my pants down, then dropped to his ass and scooched backwards up against the wall.

'On all-fours!' Darren ordered, shoving me down.

I grabbed carpet, bare-assed and cock-hard, facing Tony's cut, upright prick on my hands and knees. The guy's recovery power was amazing. He stroked his tool, staring at me with an evil grin on his sensuous lips. Something whacked my ass. I twisted my head around – Darren, heavy, reinvigorated cock spanking my butt cheeks.

I was going to be the meat in a man-sandwich, and I couldn't have been hungrier. I grabbed Tony by the shaft and inhaled his hood, started sucking. The snake pulsed in my hand and mouth. He groaned, rubbing my bald head. 'Yeah, that's the way,' he muttered, thrusting his hips up off the floor, his cock deeper into my mouth.

I bit into his pipe. He gasped, shivered. Score one for the bad guy. I dropped my head lower, engulfing more of his dong. Hands riding my head, I bobbed up and down on the prime cut of meat.

I moved faster, sucking harder, Tony's cock feeling so very at home in my mouth. Until I felt something spray against my ass. I pulled gleaming dick out of my mouth and looked around. Darren was lubing up my butt and his latex-sheathed cock with a pocket-sized container, fingering my crack, a knowing smile on his pouty lips. 'You're going to take it up the ass, guy. Every inch of it,' he promised.

I sucked Tony back into my mouth, wet-vaccing again. Darren's cockhead pressed against my pucker, hot and insistent. He punched through, inside me. I choked halfway down Tony's shaft, Darren's cock sinking into my ass, filling me like I'd never been stuffed-full before.

The blond's body touched up against my trembling cheeks, his spike embedded to the hairline in my butt. I moaned around Tony's cock, the feeling exquisite, dizzying. The men moved their hips in unison, one cock ploughing my stretched-out chute, one cock pumping my stretched-out mouth. What a wild and wonderful sensation it was – getting anally and orally reamed at the same time. My body burned bright as my face, my own dangling dick pulsing with energy.

Darren went faster, drove harder, rocking me back and forth. Tony thrust quicker, deeper, drilling the back of my throat. Darren's thighs slapped against my ass, cock sawing my electrified chute. Tony's balls slapped against my chin, powering into my raw throat. Darren groaned and Tony moaned. I gripped Tony's muscled thighs and tried to hang on.

Darren's fingernails bit into my waist, cock flying up my ass. Tony closed his eyes, body-beautiful clenching and unclenching, jamming me full of cock. I felt my balls tighten, my cock spasm, coming hands-free for the first time in my sexual life, the giant, churning cocks in my ass and mouth turning me into a live wire that just had to spew current.

'Fuck almighty!' Darren roared, pounding my hole.

'Fuck, yeah!' Tony bellowed, pumping my throat.

Warm spunk flooded my chute, hot, salty jizz filling my mouth, the two men bucking against me, pouring out their lust. I gulped and shuddered, clinging to consciousness by a whisker, my own cock spraying ecstasy, blistering orgasm sending me sailing.

When we'd finally dragged ourselves upright, dragged on our clothes, I fished around in my wallet for my Manguard identification. But the surprise was on me.

'We know who you are, Chief,' Darren admitted.

'Yeah,' Tony added, 'when you caught us going at it, we figured fucking you was the only way to maybe save our jobs.'

That was some sharp, on-your-feet thinking. I smiled at the grinning studs-in-uniform. These were my kind of men, all right.

Demo version limitation

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Penal System

They brought the new "fish" in that morning. Me and the guys were milling about in the yard, batting around the idea of shanking Jenkins the stoolie, when we saw the van pull up to the gate, watched them unload the new prisoners from behind the chain-link, razor-wired fence that runs all around the yard.

There were ten of them all together. Six of them I already knew, returning guests of the province. I'd been in the jug a long time, you see.

Three of the strangers were nothing to write home about, two fat, middle-aged guys who had "biker gang" tattooed all over them, obviously transferred in from another province for someone's protection, or to keep them separated from their extended family; while the third unknown was an elderly gent, a crown of white hair atop his bony skull, probably a first-time embezzler who'd been shafted on his retirement gift and dipped his hand into the company till after 30 years of dedicated service.

But the fourth guy was something special. He was about 25 years old, small, slender, with glossy, chestnut-brown hair and a pretty, delicately-featured face dimpled at the chin, big brown eyes. He looked nervous as the rest of them, but I liked the look of the bulge in his prison pants, visible to this naked, discerning eye even from 50 feet away. When you've been in the can for as long as I have, you judge a man by his crotch. I was mightily impressed with this latest recruit to the penal system.

And when they shoved the young man into my cell to become my mate, I vowed to go the system one better – and make him my bitch.

I didn't get a chance to chat him up right away, because the chow bell sounded, and we went marching on our stomachs down to the food hall. Then later, I was behind the plate catching a game of slo-pitch out on the dusty yard. I like catching, and pitching. And with a ruggedly handsome mug and a relatively hard body – if I do say so myself – I get my fair share of both. Being cooped up with 600 other guys helps.

His name was Brad Tatum, and we finally got to know each other a little better in the confined space of our cell before bedtime.

'What're you in for?' I asked, stretching out on the bottom bunk and looking up at the guy.

He was leaning uneasily against the back wall, next to the toilet. 'Uh, this and that. You know.'

I sure as hell didn't, not from that evasive answer.

The bell sounded for lights out, and Brad proved just as evasive to pin down physically. I grabbed onto his pants leg as he attempted to climb by me and up onto the top bunk.

'Why don't you join me down here for a while?' I said, all soft and silky. 'It can get pretty lonely the first night.'

He shook off my hand, swung his legs up onto the bunk. ‘No thanks.’ Later, ‘What are you in for anyway, Louie?’

Communication is the first step in any relationship. ‘I’m a safecracker, one of the best boxmen in the business – or used to be.’

‘Oh yeah?’

I heard Brad roll over onto his back, and within a few minutes I was sound asleep.

And I was right in the middle of a three-man shower room train, dreaming contentedly, when I suddenly awoke with a start. That warm hand swirling up and down my cock in the steaming mist of the shower room dissolved into a warm body snuggling in next to me on my bunk. I turned my head, stared into Brad’s soft, gleaming eyes. ‘Hi, Louie,’ he said, kissing me on the lips.

I was already hard as a ten-year stretch, and that lengthened it pleasurably. I put my arm around Brad, drawing him in even closer. He was as naked as I was, his hot body melding into mine, one of his slender legs draping over my thighs, one of his slender hands sliding up onto my chest.

‘I figure since we’re going to be bunkmates for a long time, we might as well be close,’ he purred.

I grinned from ear-to-shining-ear. Then I pulled his head close and planted my mouth on his, drawing inspiration from his warm, wet kisser, the humid air flooding from him to me. His fingers glided onto one of my nipples and pinched it, rolled it, as we deep-kissed one another.

It was quiet up on the third tier, just the two of us in our small, warm cell, in each other’s arms, and mouths, beating together. I pushed my tongue up against his tongue, and we entwined our slippery stickers, the pair of us frenching like we were Quebecois.

Brad’s hand moved lower, down my heaving chest and stomach, onto the pulsing stretch of my cock. ‘Yeah!’ I groaned into the guy’s mouth, his fingers lacing my shaft, pumping.

I surged in his hand, in his arms. He slipped his head down and batted his wet tongue against one of my stiffened nipples, buzzing me full of even more feeling. He rotated his talented mouth-organ around first one nipple and then the other, still pumping my cock with his hand. This guy could walk and chew gum at the same time; he was nowhere near as inexperienced as he’d first looked.

‘I’ve done some adult movies,’ he confessed all over my chest. ‘Quite a few, actually.’

A porn star! In my bunk! This was worth eight years of waiting.

Brad showed off some more of his skills, pushing the blanket right off the both of us and trailing his tongue down the path his hand had already taken. My skin burned wherever he licked, and my cock blazed, when his tongue met up with my cap.

He bent almost double down on me, stroking my shaft, twirling my hood with his tongue. The sensations were to die for. Two years – less, with good

behaviour – looked damn doable now, an absolute joy.

Brad popped my knob into his mouth and sucked on it.

'Fuck, yeah!' I moaned, thrusting some of my throbbing shaft into his sucker.

He craned his neck lower, taking almost all I had to offer, gripping my dick at the balls. I thrust back and forth on the bunk, creaking those springs like they'd never been built to creak, plunging my cock in and out of Brad's moist, molten maw.

He went all the way, deep-throating my dong. Turning right around on the bed so that his knees straddled my head, his ass up above me, his cock hanging down into my face. The guy was built for pro fucking, all right, his dick boning out eight inches straight down, bumping my lips.

I swallowed hard, wallowing in the rich, wonderful sensations of Brad blowing my meat. Then I opened up wide and tapped his ass, and he lowered his dangling sword down inside me. He drove right for the hilt, his smooth pulsing cock filling my mouth and beyond. I'm a seasoned vet, been cocksucking for decades, but that much prick left even me gagging somewhat with the sheer volume of it all.

But I gulped to, with delight. They never feed you enough in the joint. I sunk my fingers into Brad's taut little cheeks and sucked on his wicked prong, moving my head up and down, inhaling pipe like a crackhead.

He reciprocated full-throttle, mouthing, throating my slammer in rhythm to the sucking I was giving him. We were a well-oiled sexual suction machine, blowing each other stiff as the provincial flag out on the high tower.

We escaped the bars, our shackles, finding freedom in one another's mouths. Until we reached paradise, our balls boiling simultaneously.

I sucked faster, harder. I tasted salty pre-come, gave it back. A burst of hot jizz coated the lining of my throat. I bucked up into Brad's mouth, blasting back. He spurted for an eternity, making my Adam's apple do hard, enjoyable labour, swallowing all of his spunk. It tasted delicious, especially with my cock erupting into his velvety kisser, spunking him just as excitedly and voluminously.

He snuggled back into my arms afterwards, and I held him tight. He kissed my sperm-slick lips, licked them clean. This was one sweet bitch I'd been blessed with by the authorities.

But I should've known better. Nothing or no one comes free in the joint.

By the second day, Brad had lost all of his innocence and tentativeness, like it had been an act all along. He asserted his new-found confidence, as I was gripping the bars of our cell before bedtime. I felt his hands grip my shoulders, his hard cock drive up against my backside.

'We're going to bust out of this tomb,' he rasped in my ear. 'And we're going to need a good boxman – on the outside. See, I got a three-year sentence for heisting a jewellery store, but I don't intend to serve it. But I do intend to hit that store's safe again – successfully this time.'

I heard him loud and clear, feeling his rod grind into my butt cleavage. A guard passed by, said, 'Lights out, Louie.' In more ways than one, I thought. I'd be a lifer with one more strike against me.

Brad encircled my waist with his arms and popped my pants open, pulled them and my underwear down. The guy had the moves, no doubt about it. And he had the cock to back it up; it wedged between my cheeks, naked as my ass and plenty harder.

'Like it, huh, Louie?' he said, pumping, frotting my crack. 'We'll have all the time in the world to do it – on the outside.'

He jammed me up against the bars with his thrusting, my cock jabbing right through. My butt burned, crack buzzing. I could've taken it that way all night long, myself. But the guy wanted to do things his way, on his schedule.

He pulled his dong out of my crack, and I heard him spit four or five times. Then I heard his hand stroke up and down his foreskin. And then I felt – man, I felt – his meaty hood bust in between my cheeks and bash up against my butthole.

I bent forward, pushing back, gripping the bars with one hand, my own steel with the other. Brad grunted and shoved, banging on my backdoor. He ploughed in, he ploughed deep.

'Christ!' I groaned, the guy sticking me whole-hog.

Thank God I'd had a lifetime of eating cocks and contraband with my ass, otherwise I might not have been able to handle every inch that he handed me. As it was, I went dizzy with all that dick wedged in my chute.

He started pumping, churning my anus with his thunderstick. I did my best to stifle my moans, getting rocked, getting cocked. My ass was ablaze, stuffed and chuffed like never before. My cock was a numb slab of meat in my hand, sticking though the bars and boiling at the balls.

'You're going to make us rich, old man!' Brad snarled, driving my ass.

His thin thighs spanked my trembling cheeks, his fat prick penetrating me, plundering me to the core. He thrust faster, riding my backside, blowing my insides and mind.

I wildly stroked, getting wildly fucked. Brad upped the tempo to frenzy level, battering my behind, reaming my rectum. I gulped, and jumped, getting ready to fire off my cannon.

But then Brad suddenly decelerated; still stroking, sure, still stoking, only now slow and long and excruciatingly hard. 'You're going to do as you're told, old man, aren't you? I'm not going to have any trouble with you, am I?'

He pumped a little faster, showing me exactly what I'd be blowing if I didn't answer the right way. I answered the guy, eagerly pushing back, swallowing his cock up with my anus, sucking on it with my chute-walls.

He grunted his satisfaction as boss, and resumed his fearsome rump-thumping. The interlude had left me hanging on the edge. And now I went sailing over, gasping, jetting, my cock exploding in my flying fist.

I vibrated like the tiers with the men tramping down, shooting sheer

ecstasy out of the tip of my prick, Brad banging away at my rear. He growled – giggled! – in total control of the situation and his sperm, a true pro. I felt the hot splashes douse my bowels, as I doused the outside walkway with my hot splashes.

We slept apart that night. Brad preferred it that way .

'He's got a tool in his trousers,' I informed the warden.

Smithers looked up at me suspiciously. 'What kind of tool, Louie?' The man knew my proclivities after eight years daily living together.

I grinned sheepishly and looked down at the floor of his office. Brad wasn't the only one who could act. 'Some sort of digging tool,' I replied. 'For busting out.'

They strip-searched Brad. I wish I could've been there, to at least see that incredible dong one last time. But they quickly found the sharpened spoon I'd carefully taped to the underside of his lengthy prick while he lay sleeping that morning, shipped him into solitary for a 30-day stretch.

See, my parole was coming up in three weeks, and I wasn't going to let any punk kid – no matter how porn and streetwise – blow it for me. Plus, when I crack a safe, I share the contents with no one.

Dirty Dick

'It's my wife. I–I think she's cheating on me.'

The guy glanced nervously around the sparsely-populated diner, back at me, his fingers drumming up a jitterbug on the Formica tabletop.

I casually shook a coffin nail out of the deck on the table, stuck it in my maw and set fire. 'What makes you think that?' I blew smoke.

He was a good-looking tike, blue eyes and blond-streaked hair, a cute face and slim, small, cuddly body. He was the kind of joe you want to wrap up in your arms and protect against all comers. Until he bit you in the balls and turned tail for some other hunky specimen. He looked like he was just that petulant enough below the surface to do something like that. I could tell. I make it my business to know people, inside and out.

He gazed into my hooded brown orbs with his electric blue. 'Oh, it's just a suspicion. But she's been acting strangely lately, going out places without telling me where. You know, stuff like that.'

I took another pull on the cancer stick, deep into my lungs and out at him. 'Uh-huh. So you came to me.'

His eyes beamed, face shining, a perfect white smile splitting his kitty puss. 'Yes. I've, um, heard you have quite a reputation in this, er, field.' His little pink hand shot across the table and briefly gripped my rugged mitt.

'They don't call me "Dirty" Dick Stenner for nothing,' I confirmed.

'More mud, Dick?' Bernice barked, wallowing over to our table on a cloud of rancid grease.

'Nah. My bowels are good, thanks. What about you, Toby?'

Toby James jerked his pretty little head back and forth, a tad ticked I'd used his real name in public. Not knowing what I knew – that you could trust Bernice like a man trusts his basset hound to bring him his slippers after a hard day. The Corner Diner was practically my office, and Bernice and her equally lazy husband got a rake-off in fees because of it.

She grunted, slowly shifted her load back around like a barge turning in a channel, steamed back in behind the cash register way down at the other end. Toby and I were in the far booth, nice and private-like.

I stood up and pulled a notebook out of my front pocket, along with a pencil, intent on making some scribblings. My cock was bulging the front of my tan summer slacks, long and hard, and I gave it a little inside stroke as I pulled pad.

Toby's eyes lit up like the jukebox in the corner, staring at all that thinly-disguised dong. He seemed surprised, as well as delighted. But he shouldn't have been, if he knew my reputation like he claimed.

Most dicks make it a habit not to get involved with their clients. I'm just the opposite, in (Sam) spades. This job can get pretty boring, pretty routine, if you don't use your pretty clients for more than just meal tickets.

I sat back down and put pencil to paper, said, 'Where does she work? What does she drive?'

Toby vaguely recited the details in a hushed, reverential voice, all the time working his shoes off beneath the table. By the time we got to his wife's hobbies and habits, one of his pert little stockinged feet had landed in my lap, on top of my cock.

'She, uh, goes swimming every Thursday night at the Millennium Pool on Rochester,' he breathed, rubbing his tender tootsie up and down my inflated length and fluttering his long, dark, curly lashes at me.

His sliding foot was warm and a little moist. I surged harder, bigger, tighter in my trousers. The guy had a talented ped; he was tapping my dick to its full potential.

'I'll need a picture,' I growled, spreading my gams wider apart.

Toby's other foot rose up and found a home on my groin. He needed both feet, to handle the snake swelled up there. He gripped me with his socked toes on either shaft-side, pumped up and down, real nice and smooth.

'A picture?' I repeated.

He was almost under the table, stretching his little legs as far as they'd go, his feet keeping their toe-holds on my cock.

Then he was under the table. Just like that. One minute his blond head and blue eyes and lush, red mouth were peeking up over the edge, the next minute they were gone.

Bernice didn't notice a thing, too busy chewing her cud and her way through another romance novel. When would the dame learn; love was all around her.

Toby's hands were all over my dick now, taking up where his peds had left off. He wrestled my zipper down over my massive boner with a two-handed tug, and pulled me out into the open down below, covetously clasping my rod and pumping.

I jotted some notes down on my pad, to control the tremor in my body and brain, the surge in my red-hot blood. The guy's bare hands were even better than his stockinged feet, stroking up and down my bared cock, tugging me with both his soft, hot mitts.

I jerked when he cupped and squeezed my nut sac, jumped when he popped my hood right into his heated wet head-hole. Bernice glanced over, but her eyes were as myopic and jaundiced as her outlook on life, and she soon went back to her reading.

Toby gripped my balls and gripped my shaft at the base, tugging on my hood with his lips. His mouth was a wet-velvet place any man's cock would feel welcome in. I clenched my fists and rode the wonderful rush, his mouth pulling on my cap. Then I bucked like a dollar bill, when my under-the-table client opened up wider than even I'd expected and hummered three-quarters of my hammer into his mouth.

'Yeah!' I grunted, agreeing with the sensuous point he was making in his

own defence.

He enveloped me in superheated moistness, my rod pulsing hot in his face holster. He started bobbing back and forth, hoovering my pole like he meant to get to the bottom of my balls. I dove my hands under the table and my fingers into his silky hair, holding for the rollercoaster ride. The little big-mouthed man blew me with a ferocious intensity.

He was so good, too good. My balls were on full-boil after only a minute of his pressurised sucking, my shaft beaming come-hard in his pussy-like mouth. I shoved his head back. 'You gotta come clean with me, Toby,' I rasped, 'if you want me to come hard down your throat.'

He scuttled back over to his side of the table, popped up into view. 'What– what do you mean?' he gulped, wiping his gumby mouth, his rubber lips stretching back into shape.

I knew he was hungry, starving. So I fed him my best line. 'We're going to conclude this meeting in the back room,' I said, jerking a thumb at the hall that led to the men's room. 'Provided ...'

His eyes leapt to high-beams, his tongue shooting out. He squirmed on the vinyl benchseat like he had ants in his ass.

'Provided you tell me the real story.'

He bobbed his head again, just as eagerly as before. And sure enough, he was as good at spilling as he was at sucking. 'The truth is, I think my wife is checking up on "me". I found a Continental Investigations card in her purse when I was going through it the other day. And I just thought you could, you know, use your contacts in the private investigator field to find out for sure for me.' He grinned like a puppy dog expecting a belly rub.

'Why didn't you just say so?'

'Well, I thought you PIs had some sort of code of ethics – about not divulging or delving into other colleagues' cases or something. But if I hired you to follow my wife around, you'd have to tell me about every man she met with – including any dicks.' He shrugged, cutely.

'Ethics!' I hacked. The guy'd just been sucking my dick, and he was talking about PI ethics. He'd seen too many old TV shows. 'OK, you've told me the truth. Now let me show you how it's going to be.'

I got up, crotch bulging harder and heavier than ever, only with a damp stain outlining my manhood in my pants now. Toby shot out of his seat and into the hallway, rocketed through the men's room door.

I trailed after him, hung the "Out of Order" sign onto the knob. Bernice and her husband appreciated the fact that sometimes a man just needed a private place to think, to work out the tough kinks on a case.

Toby was waiting for me by the sink, his pants down around his ankles. He sure as hell knew what a rear office was all about. His butt sported a twin pair of tautly mounded cheeks, propped atop smooth and shapely stems.

I got in behind the guy, got a real good grip on his case. He moaned and shivered, as I sunk my big paws into his little seat cushions. They filled my

broad palms with rich, pliable flesh, and I squeezed, kneaded, groping for answers that were all too obvious. This guy swung both ways, hard, judging from the size 7 erection steeling out from his loins.

I crowded up closer to him, tore a hand off a cheek and reached around, grasped his dick. He moaned, thrusting his body back against me. He was hot as a pistol, piss-stick beating in my hand. I tugged on it, shifting foreskin, shunting man with my own cock to his ass.

'Fuck me! Please, Dick, fuck me!' he pleaded.

It sounded like an idea. I let go of him and unbelted, skinned down my slacks. My cock burst free, and I grabbed onto it, jammed it in between Toby's cheeks; making the both of us mouth off, jump like we had the heebie-jeebies.

My iron rod was enveloped in cheeky heat. I wrapped my arms around the little cocksucker, shoving my hands up into his shirt and onto his bare nipples, as I pumped his crack, frotted his dry, hot, satiny-smooth butt cleavage. His nipples stood to attention between my pinching and rolling fingers, his body quivering under my cocky interrogation.

I bent my bean down and bit into his neck. His butt cheeks clasped my cock in a loving embrace. His skin was like shimmering silk. I tongued all over his neck, in behind his shell-shaped ears, inside his ears, churning his cleavage, pulling on his nipples.

It was too much for even me to take. It was time to really live up to my Dirty Dick nickname, cross the boundary between client and comehole. I pulled back, grabbed up a tube of lube out of my ankled pants, and greased my gun, stroking long and hard for Toby to see.

He craned his neck like the Exorcist kid, gripping porcelain sink up front, sticking his bum way out back. I grinned at him, swirling my fingers all over my bloated tool. Then sticking a pair in between his buttocks, blasting them with lube.

He was super-sensitive down there, like most men, just a lot looser. I scrubbed his crack with a real erotic flair, then shot two fingertips into his hole, punching past pucker and into bung proper. I sunk those pair of pokers, slow and sensual, into his ass. His legs trembled out of control, his anus swallowing my digits whole.

'Oh, God, Dick, that feels so good!' he whimpered.

It felt pretty good from my end, too, nice and hot and slick and sexy. I pumped my prodders, plunging the little blond's ass, stoking his chute. He was all gripping velvet, butt muscles contracting to suck on my plugging digits.

'I'm on the case now, baby!' I gritted in his ear, fast finger-fucking him. 'I'm on the case!'

I reached around with my free hand and grabbed onto his flapping cock, fisted him in rhythm to my flying fingers. Toby shot up onto his tip-toes, his body arching like a bow, cheeks shimmying, cock jumping. I could've

brought him off with just my two mitts, right then and there. But my name wasn't Dirty Hans Stenner.

So I yanked my fingers free, flung my hand off his cock. He was wide open and wound up for the meat of the matter now. I gripped his hip, my slickened dick, speared gleaming cap into his cheeks.

'Yes! Fuck me!' he cried, my hood hitting home.

I gritted my teeth and ground forward. My cockhead bulbed ring, popped through, my python-shaft snaking into his rectum, inch by over-engorged inch. I filled his ass to bursting with my cock, only stopping when there was no full-hose left to dole out, my heavy, hairy balls kissing up against his pretty, perfect behind.

It was a tight, searing fit. I revelled in it, rutting around inside the man's anus. He almost tore the sink right out of the wall, on fire with the filthy feel of so much dong bloating his ass.

I could've lifted him right off the floor and into my arms on the strength of my cock alone. Instead, I gripped his narrow waist with both hands, started moving my hips, fucking his ass.

It was slow, tough, terrific work at first, I had him packed so full. I pulled back right to the cap, watching his stretched ass lips suck on my hood, then slowly, slowly drilled back in again, submerging my bone to the balls in that wanton butt tunnel.

Perspiration dewed Toby's quivering body-beautiful, sweat prickling my concentrated mug, as I fed him pipe up the rump in measured, manly strokes. Until it got easier and easier to move, my prick gliding in and almost out. Which is when I turned on the full rubber hose treatment, fucking the rear-humped man harder and faster, faster and harder.

The hot, wet crack of hardened thighs against softened bottom filled the one-seater can. Along with the ragged grunts and groans and gasps of men getting it on, one man getting pummelled with pole up the back end. I smacked into Toby so hard I almost sent him smashing right through the mirror, tattooing his butt, reaming his chute.

He stared into that mirror with wide-open eyes as glazed as Easter ham. His mouth hung open and his chest billowed for air, his body and rectum getting jolted beyond repair by a madman thundering prick into his ass from behind.

I threw back my head and roared, slamming away with a cock gone molten.

'In my mouth! Come in my mouth!' someone screamed.

I just had sense enough left to rip my dong out of Toby's ass and stuff it into his mouth, as he spun around and hit tile with his knees. 'Fuck!' I howled, letting loose, just as the man's lips and mouth and throat closed on my cock.

Sperm blazed out of my pipe and straight down his pipe, again and again and again. I jerked like a puppet on his last strings, Toby gulping like a drain.

I emptied a full tank of boiling ball-batter into the pretty boy, and he swallowed up every last spurt.

I didn't bother informing the guy that I already knew for a fact that his wife had hired a dick to check up on him. See, I was that dick, doing some freelance work on behalf of Continental Investigations.

Was it a conflict of interest to work for two competing clients at the same time? Was it unethical of me to fuck Toby up the ass, after I'd just banged his wife that morning, mouth and tits and pussy?

Hell, they don't call me Dirty Dick for nothing.

Demo version limitation

Demo version limitation

Demo version limitation

Heavenly Body

My girlfriend, Sara, gave me a telescope for my birthday. I'd expressed some tepid interest in astronomy during the long course of one of our evenings together when we weren't having sex and should've been, and she'd run out and bought the stargazer for me. She was always trying to encourage me to use my mind, rather than my hands (all over her hot little body).

To please the woman, I set the instrument up on the balcony of my tenth floor apartment and promised to faithfully study the night sky every chance I got, when we weren't out for dinner and a movie and an unsatisfying petting session in my car. I planned, of course, to pitch the nerd-tool over the railing or misplace it some other way the first chance I got (like the first time I broke up with Sara).

But one Sunday night, shortly after my girlfriend had left me all alone and longing again, I actually did plug my orb into the viewfinder, took a quick gaze at the sky. And couldn't find one damn star or moon. Apparently, the thing didn't work real well when it was overcast.

So, I trained the tube downward, onto the apartment building across the way, hoping to maybe pick out at least one earthbound heavenly body in a state of undress or coitus. But as I scanned across and up and down, I located nothing more exciting than a geriatric broad in a sports bra sweating to the oldies. I soon gave that up, before I strained the telescope and my neck with all the flopping and floundering around.

But then I locked onto the apartment next door, and found some actual nudity, though not quite the kind I was searching for. It was a guy – a long, lean, sun-bronzed guy – slouched on his big white sofa with his long, hard cock in the upright and locked position, jacking himself off while he watched something dirty, no doubt, on the big-screen TV in front of him.

The magnifying powers of the mini-Hubble brought everything up close, right into my face. I could clearly see every smooth contour of the man's pretty face, every straw-blond follicle on his head, the jutting tenseness of his tan nipples and the tightened intensity of his six-packed stomach, the mushroomed meat of his hood, the smooth and impressive length of his shaft – as he swirled his slender brown hand up and down the towering erection.

I stared at him through the lenses, transfixed. And as I watched him tug on his boner, I felt something boning out in my shorts. I was actually getting hard, spying on another man jerking off!

I pulled my head up, looked around, frightened, excited. There were no other people out on the balconies bordering mine. I reached down and rubbed my cock through my thin shorts. Yup, I was erect all right, pitching a tent that was only supposed to be pitched by woman-watching and wrestling.

But maybe it was all because of my recent frustration in dealing with and being dealt out of Sara. Or maybe it was due to the fact that just a couple of

night ago I'd stumbled onto some gay porno in my wanderings on the internet – two young, buff, tanned studs stroking, then sucking each other off – and been mildly turned-on by the mellow eroticism of it all. But whatever the cause, I was pulling a stiffy like nobody's business, peeping in on that luscious lad across the way minding his own dirty business.

I applied my eye back to the viewfinder and gripped my dick, stroked. Jacking off through my shorts like that pretty boy was bare-handing himself.

He ran his left hand up his stomach and onto his chest, pinched and rolled a rigid nipple between his fingers. As his other hand picked up speed on his cock, pumping faster, harder, with the smooth, practised ease of a man who was used to handling pricks. More than his own, I quickly found out.

Because right then, another guy appeared, naked as the man on the couch. He walked in behind my voyeuee, looking at the TV, at the glorious sight of his friend stretched out in front of the television with his big dick in his shifting hand. This guy had black hair, was just as tanned, sported a more muscular body. He hefted his own cock and touched it down on the blond's shoulder, startling him.

The guy stretched his long neck back on the couch and looked up at his friend. Then grinned, as the standing man slapped his hardening cock right down onto the sitting man's face.

'Let the gaiety begin,' I marvelled, rubbing my straining member with a new passion, focusing in hard and tight on the pair of fellows.

Blondie arched back even further and opened his mouth, and the brunette fed his cock inside. He tottered closer, smooth-shaven balls squishing against the guy's nose, vein-ribboned shaft delving deep into his friend's mouth, almost right up to those balls.

Blondie took every inch of that lovely dong into his mouth. His cheeks and throat bulged with the meat. I scrambled my shorts down, grasped and fisted my own cock skin-on-skin, never breaking eye-contact with that sizzling homoerotic scene across the way.

The dark-haired dude pumped his hips, fucking Blondie's mouth. He reached down and played with the sucking guy's nipples, reached lower, grabbed onto his pal's massive erection and picked up the stroking where the man had left off.

It was wild, so totally different from what I'd so long considered sexy, been conditioned to think is sexy. Here was a muscle-hunk getting sucked off by his pretty love-buddy, while he pulled on that man's penis, and I was as aroused as I'd ever been, tugging tube steak as excitedly as that sucked-off man in the apartment building opposite.

There was no time to analyse my feelings. Because my balls were already tingling, tightening, my cock surging come-hard in my flying hand. Blondie bucked, and blasted, his lover pulling rope after rope of hot, white jizz out of the man's jumping cock. Then the brunette shuddered, the muscles all over his blazingly nude body clenching, as he shot sperm into the blond man's mouth,

pumping with his hips, and his hand.

I bit my lip and whimpered, my own cock exploding in my fist. Semen spurted up into the air and rained down on the green-carpeted floor of the balcony. I was jolted over and over, like the beautiful boys across the way, shimmering with blissful heat as I jetted my joy.

It was about a week later that I got a knock on my door as I was searching the apartment opposite for sexual life. I was dressed only in my bathrobe, with nothing underneath, having come out to the balcony and the telescope prepared to come. But I answered the door all the same, and came face-to-face with the blond guy I'd been studying so closely the past seven days.

'Hi, my name's Darcy,' he said with a friendly smile. 'May I come in? There's something I'd like to discuss with you.'

My mouth gaped open and closed like a fish, as I floundered for a response. The man was even better-looking, more breathtaking, to the naked eyes.

He walked by me and into my apartment. And he couldn't help but notice the open sliding doors, the telescope mounted out on the balcony, pointed not up but across. He turned back to me, grinning. And then he unfastened the trenchcoat I just then noticed he was wearing, shrugged it off his shoulders, and let it drop.

I gasped for air like that flounder out of water. The guy was totally naked, stunningly nude as I'd seen him so many times before – only this time he was in the same room with me, and I wasn't hidden behind the glassed-in safety off a long-range optic device. His bronze body gleamed under the muted lights, smooth and hard, nipples erect, cock dangling long and large.

'I've noticed you watching from across the way,' he purred seductively. 'Why haven't you just come over and introduced yourself? Troy and I don't have an exclusive relationship, you know.'

'But – but I'm not gay!' I gulped.

It sounded ridiculous, especially with the way my wide blue eyes were travelling all over Darcy's body, focusing in on his cock; the way my own cock was protruding from between the terrycloth folds of my bathrobe, risen up all on its own with the sight of the luscious dude so near. And yet, it was also true. I'd never been romantically involved with a man before, never had sex with any man before.

All that was about to change, for the better.

'Gay or straight, I like what I see,' Darcy murmured, coming up close to me, slipping his slender fingers into my brown hair and teasing my tingling scalp. 'And I think you've liked what you've seen, haven't you?'

I had to nod at that undeniable fact. And Darcy pressed his warm body into mine, his warm lips making contact with my lips, first softly, then harder, more urgently. I grabbed onto the guy and mashed my mouth into his. I just couldn't help myself.

We kissed excitedly, passionately, holding each other tight, our cocks

melding together in the heat. His body spray was sweet and subtle and it filled my dizzy head, as his supple tongue slipped in between my lips and filled my mouth.

My own tongue sprang to life, wrestled with his, the warmth and wetness absolutely wonderful. He pushed my bathrobe down off my shoulders and pulled it open as we frenched, and the garment slid off my body and to the floor. Leaving both of us naked.

I clutched his hot body to mine, groaning in his mouth as our bare cocks came together foreskin-on-foreskin. He pulled his head back and stared at me, his limpid brown eyes hooded. 'Getting gayer?' he asked.

I was a raving, flaming homosexual for the man. He was that desirable. I kissed my way down his long neck, licking, biting into the smooth brown flesh, onto his chest. I clutched his clenched pecs and wagged my tongue back and forth over one of his rubbery nipples, the other stiffened bud. He moaned his approval.

I captured a nipple in my mouth and sucked on it, revelling in the taste and texture. His chest and tits were as hairless as any woman's, his pebbled areolae a delight to my swirling tongue. I bit into his other nipple and tugged at it, making him arch his back and whimper for more.

I dropped lower, gripping his slim, smooth sides and dragging my tongue down his stomach, his lower abdomen, his cock rising up to meet my mouth. I was on my knees on the carpet, the man's erection right in front of me, twitching before me.

'Suck it!' Darcy urged. 'Suck my cock!'

My hands sweated against his skin, my throat gone bone-dry. I stared at that swollen, bobbing hood. And then I slid my lips right over it, consuming the man's cap. It felt right, delicious.

'Yes!' Darcy gasped, shivering. He grasped my head, urging me to inhale more of his beautiful cock.

I did, pouring my wet-hot mouth over his shaft, swallowing up three-quarters of his tremendous erection. His knees buckled, my head spun. I had a man's cock in my mouth, throbbing in my mouth, filling my mouth.

Then I was sucking on it, moving my head back and forth, wet-vaccing Darcy's meat. I slid my hands down onto his taut, trembling butt cheeks for a better grip, and he arched his back, his cock thrusting into the back of my throat.

He was loving the loving I was giving his dick, and I was loving it too. It came naturally, sucking quick and tight, slow and sensual, downing just about his entire prong and then drawing it back out of my mouth dripping and shining. I sucked him like I liked to be sucked, like any man would want it.

I moved my hands over his butt mounds so that my fingers met at his cleavage, dug into his crack. He pumped his hips, fucking my mouth, diving cock down my throat. I looked up at him, on fire with lust, wanting him to douse me – come in my mouth, flood me with his hot seed so that I could

joyfully swallow it down.

But he had other ideas. He knew I thought his body a work of art, and he wanted me to appraise it in the most intimate manner a man can – by fucking him up the ass.

We stumbled over to the couch. Darcy sat in my lap, my straining prick spearing up along his shaven nut sac and poling against his cock. He was light, tight. I kissed his chest, tongued a nipple, lapped one of his tangy armpits.

He pulled some lube out of a pocket of his discarded trenchcoat and sprayed a blast on my cock. I jerked at the feel of the cool mist on my raging prong. Jerked again when Darcy gripped and greased me, rubbing up and down the length of my cock, jacking me to new heights and hardness.

'Fuck me in the ass!' he hissed, lifting himself up, poking my hood in between his butt cheeks.

I grabbed onto my cock. He spread his cheeks, lying back on my heaving torso. I ploughed my cap up against his pucker, stood stymied there for a breathless second, then plunged through. He shifted his body downwards, his anus swallowing up my erection.

It was hotter and tighter than any girl's pussy. I was buried balls-deep in another man, squeezed sensationally by his ass walls. I could feel my cock beating inside him. I fucked him, thrusting back and forth in his chute. We both moaned.

Darcy shifted on top of me, meeting my thrust with his movement, the pair of us oiling together in perfect rhythm, my cock plunging his ass.

I was bathed in sweat, ablaze with the blowtorch heat of Darcy's body, the searing shunting of cock in anus. I gripped the guy's hips and pumped mine, fucking him harder, faster. He gripped his flapping cock, stroking the rock-hard appendage to keep pace with my reaming.

'Oooh ... fuck!' I groaned, overcome by it all. I thrust in a frenzy, then bucked, shooting white-hot sperm into Darcy's ass, again and again and again.

He yelped, his jerking cock going off in his hand, spraying his chest and my face. The guy came like a fountain, all over the place because of my ass-buffeting, with just about the same mammoth intensity as me.

I still play it "straight" with my girlfriend, Sara. She's never been happier, because now she doesn't have to fend off my animal advances anymore; I get all the loving I need from Darcy now. Who knew astronomy could be so satisfying, satiating even?

Office Poly-dicks

I'm not one to normally mix business and pleasure, but as I watched Barron strutting around my office when we were working late one night, his big, muscular buttocks clenching and unclenching beneath the thin material of his tight suit pants, his gleaming, powerful, coal-black arms flowing majestically out of his short-sleeved shirt, his thick nipples wickedly indenting the light-weight fabric, my hardened cock told me that, for at least one night, I had to do all I could to make pleasure my business. And who am I to argue with a hard cock?

Barron had been with the firm for about six months, ever since he'd graduated from college with his mechanical engineering degree, but even in that short time, he'd already impressed the partners and the rest of the staff with his intelligence and work ethic. His clean good looks, warm, brown eyes, and heavily-muscled physique had also impressed more than a few of the partners, including myself, and many of the ladies in the typing pool. He'd worked on a couple of small projects for me, and I'd quickly become the studly overachiever's biggest fan.

'You want to take a break, Barron?' I asked, as the youthful up-and-comer spread a set of blueprints out on a table next to my desk and bent over them, his round, heavy ass filling my eyes, and cock.

'Huh?' He turned his head in my direction. 'Sure, whatever you want, boss,' he said, his sensual lips breaking open to reveal blindingly-white teeth.

I would have to hold him to that statement, I thought to myself, then glanced at my watch. 'Let's take a ten-minute break and then we'll polish off the rest of the proposal. We'll call it a night no later than 11 o'clock. OK?'

'Sounds good,' he replied. 'I'm going to grab a soda. You want anything?'

I only smiled and shook my head, watched him leave the room, thinking how much, for a big man, he moved like a cat – smoothly, sinuously, silently. I spun around in my chair and gazed out the window, at the twinkling, night-shrouded city spread out below, and I ran a few Barron seduction scenarios through my lust-addled mind – strategies for getting the ebony hard-body to bury his liquorice stick up my itchy ass, to pound my petoot with the same intensity he brought to his work, to grab onto my waist for dear life and hammer my rippling bum 'til he exploded in a blaze of come inside me. Then it'd be my turn.

I didn't even know if the gorgeous go-getter was queer, but I did know that he didn't have a girlfriend, and that he'd already given the cold shoulder to a few of the firm's secretaries who'd chased after him with their tongues hanging out. And I knew something else just then; I knew that in thinking about Barron and the heated erotic possibilities that accompanied the young man, I had almost unconsciously unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, was stroking myself in a practised manner like I was home in my recliner with

a gay porn magazine spread out on my knees.

I shot a quick glance around the back of my chair, saw no one, and kept right on stroking, never one to leave a job unfinished. I thought some more of Barron's rock-hard, noir body, naked and glistening with sweat as he pumped my stretched-out chute full of sperm. I pulled a Kleenex out of my pocket, a second one on second thought, and kept them handy, my balls tightening ominously as I vigorously fisted and fantasized. I stared blindly out the window and swirled my hand up and down my straining cock, earnestly polishing my meat to certain orgasm, visions of Barron dancing through my head.

'Need a hand with that?' someone asked from behind me. 'Or a mouth?'

My hand froze on my pole. I slowly turned my head, my neck cracking, and looked up at Barron standing directly in front of my desk, a big grin on his beautiful face. I struggled to gather up my shattered wits, and asked lamely, 'W–what do you mean, Barron?'

'I can see your reflection in the window, Leonard,' he replied matter-of-factly.

I whipped my head back around and looked at my own reflection – the reflection of my hand-wrapped cock. I'd been caught red-fisted, but my embarrassment quickly faded away when Barron stealthily moved around the desk until he was in front of me, openly admiring my clenched cock.

'That's quite the marvel of engineering you've got there,' he quipped, his warm eyes re-establishing what little erection I'd lost when he had surprised me. 'Mind if I take a closer look?'

I was speechless, but any words I might've mumbled would have been lost, anyway, when I swallowed my Adam's apple when Barron dropped to his knees and pulled my cock out of my hand and into his. His huge, hot hand engulfed my swollen dong, and I ran a wooden tongue over cracked lips and groaned; groaned again when he started pumping me.

'Yes,' I breathed, my body flooding with heat as he stroked my dick and stared into my eyes.

He leaned closer and kissed me – a soft, lingering kiss full of greeting and promise. I gripped his shaved head and mashed my lips against his, and we kissed as two men should kiss – long and hard and deeply. We devoured each other with our mouths, my exposed passion bursting into full-flower as I hungrily chewed on the lips of that night-shaded giant.

He returned my fire, pulling on my pulsating cock continuously while we kissed, his hand moving faster and faster. He slid his tongue in between my lips and scoured the damp interior of my mouth, until I met his slashing tongue with my tongue. We excitedly frenched each other, slapping our slippery, pink pleasure tools together over and over as the buff beauty urgently tugged on my steel-hard shaft.

'Let me get a little more comfortable,' he breathed into my face, before breaking away from my mouth and cock and rising to his full six and a half

feet.

He unravelled his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, tossed them aside, and I gaped in astonishment at his magnificent upper body. The guy was an absolute monster, his hairless arms and chest thick and hard, striated with muscle, ripped, his abs chiselled out of polished, black granite, his dark nipples large and protruding. My mouth watered like a Pavlovian dog as I stared at the built-for-manhandling hunk, at his rippling muscles, but he wasn't done disrobing just yet, thank God. He kicked off his shoes and unbelted and unzipped his pants, pulled them down and off in one fluid motion and stood there, three feet in front of me, clad only in a pair of tight, white briefs and blue socks. His cock bulged out the stretchy material of his underwear, obscenely, like a coiled snake that I knew would grow incredibly large and long when fully aroused.

'Want to take it down the rest of the way, Leonard?' he asked quietly, moving closer, his cock twitching in his underwear, growing, striving to break free of the constraining garment.

I gulped, slid forward in my chair, and gripped the sides of his briefs with shaking hands and pulled down. His cock sprung out into my face, brushing my nose and lips, and the ebony dong quickly swelled in size as I watched in hot-blooded amazement, kept on swelling until it stood a good nine inches out from his pubes, huge and heavy-looking, arrow-straight and jerking slightly as I breathed on it. I anxiously grabbed it, my fingers barely fitting around, and marvelled at its size and heat and pulsing power.

'Yeah,' Barron grunted. 'Stroke it, Leonard. Stroke my cock!'

I was only too willing to oblige the young stud. I pumped his tremendous, blue-black cock with my hand, the sweat on my palm providing just the right amount of lubrication. My body temperature rose to fever level as I lovingly tugged on Barron's big cock, regarded it hungrily, my lips mere inches away from its mushroomed head. I stuck out my tongue and tentatively licked at his slit, his cock jumping in my hand as I did so. Then he did the unthinkable – pulled his dick away from me.

'I'm working for you, remember?' he commented, before dropping to his knees again, in between my legs. He took hold of my prick with one hand while he pushed me back in the chair with the other.

I looked on, enraptured, as the eager-to-please engineer gripped my cock at its base and flicked his wet tongue across my hood. I groaned, held on tight to the arms of my chair, and then thrust my hips up and urged Barron to paint the shaft of my raging cock with his ultra-pink tongue. He swirled his tongue all over my bloated cockhead, bathing the hood in his hot saliva, and then he dragged his velvet-sandpaper tongue all the way up from the bottom of my throbbing dick to the tip, in one slow, superheated tongue-stroke. I trembled with excitement and let the warm waves of sexual pleasure wash over me, as Barron lapped at my cock, his flattened-out tongue repeatedly licking the underside of my dong.

‘God, that feels wonderful,’ I moaned, overwhelmed by the awesome sensation of his slimy tastebuds on my cock-flesh.

‘It gets better,’ he said, momentarily halting his tongue-lashing to blow on my quivering dick. He ran his tongue the length of my prick one final time, then opened wide and swallowed my hood.

‘Jesus!’ I gasped, squirming around in my chair as he popped my swollen cocktop in and out of his warm, wet mouth.

He closed his lips over the top of my hood and sucked, his tongue pressed firmly against the super-sensitive spot where shaft became head. Then he took a lungful of air in through his flared nostrils and lowered his head, began going down on my cock. My muscles tensed to the tearing point and my brain came close to snapping as his lips inched their way down my dong, slowly, sensuously, surely, until he had three-quarters of my meat lodged in his mouth. And, God bless him, he didn’t stop there.

I impetuously shoved my hips upward, and his nose burrowed into my pubes. The talented oralist had the entire length of my cock buried in his mouth, and throat, and I was overcome with the incredible feeling of heat and tightness. Then the wicked man-eater turned the sexual tension up another few notches by pushing out his tongue and lapping at my balls.

‘God almighty!’ I bellowed, getting all religious in praise of Barron’s righteous sword-swallowing. I twisted my head from side to side, revelling in the wanton glory of his ferocious deep-throating, the pressure rapidly building to the boiling-over point in my tongue-teased balls.

He looked up into my eyes, my size-large cock locked between his lips, wedged in his craw, and I lost it. My dick exploded and I cried out in ecstasy, blasted white-hot semen straight down that snake-charmer’s throat. I frantically pumped my hips, Barron’s head bobbing up and down and his throat working as he consumed load after load of my spurting come. I came for what seemed like a blissful, sexual eternity.

And when my ruptured cock had at last sprayed jizz for the final time, I slumped back down in my chair, exhausted and exhilarated, and felt the last tremors of all-out orgasm slowly fade from my body. Barron kept my spent cock imprisoned in his throat for a good while longer, milking me of come, until he finally lifted his head and my dripping dong tumbled out of his mouth.

He smacked his lips with satisfaction, then leaned forward and frenched me, giving me a taste of my own sticky medicine. ‘Mind if I fuck you up the ass, Leonard?’ he asked politely.

‘Would you?’ I quipped, sliding out of my chair like I was minus a backbone, when Barron got to his feet.

I stood up and wandered past him, shut the open office door, and then slowly and shakily stripped off my tie and shirt, shoes and pants, until I stood there buck-naked save for my boxers and business socks. He strode over to me, his muscles moving like they were sheathed in oil, shining huge and

powerful under the bright, fluorescent light, and I let him slide down my shorts, before stepping out of them and into his arms. We held each other and kissed, his lips and tongue rekindling my smouldering fire, our cocks pressing hotly against one another. Eventually, I broke his embrace and took a step back, and admired his monster cock as it pointed accusingly at me, imagining what it would feel like to have that python buried to the hilt in my ass.

Well, there was only one way to find out for sure. I swallowed hard and collapsed to my knees, then down onto all fours. 'Fuck me, Barron!' I said, sounding a hell of a lot more casual than I felt.

He nodded his head, appraising my naked brown body with his eyes. I may be 45-years-old, with more than a few grey hairs on my head and chest, but I've always taken good care of myself. I'm nowhere near as muscular as young-gun Barron, but I'm lean and hard and have a tight, round ass that has garnered more than its fair share of compliments, and cocks. So, I dropped onto my elbows and shoved that big, mocha man-catcher into the air, urging my young lover to stick it with his cock, to hard-ride the two of us to blistering orgasm.

'Here I come, Leonard,' he warned, spitting into his hand and onto his cock, onto my ass. He rubbed his enormous dong with the hot spit, getting it good and greasy, oiled for action. Then he rubbed saliva into my asshole, probed a finger up my butt.

'Yes!' I grunted, burying my face in my arms, the feeling of his finger wiggling around in my chute turning my cock from semi-hard to fully-erect.

He slid a second finger into my bum, pumped them in and out and slapped my quivering cheeks with his gargantuan butt-plug, before pulling his digits out and easing his cockhead in. I groaned when his puffy hood pushed hard up against my starfish, then penetrated my pucker and slid inside me. I desperately reached back and spread my ass cheeks, my face pasted to the carpet, inviting Barron to fill me to over-full with his giant cock.

He gripped his dick and pressed forward, and his tremendous organ sank into my tremulous ass like a spike into the warm, wet earth. He grabbed hold of my waist and thrust his hips forward, just as I thrust my ass backwards, and his over-sized man-tamer dove deep into my chute, 'til his bone was buried to the balls in my stretched-out glory hole.

'That feel OK, Leonard?' he asked, attentive subordinate that he was.

'Feels great!' I hissed, lifting my head. 'Now fuck me! Fuck me!'

His fingers dug into my flesh and he began pumping his powerful hips, slowly at first, his cock barely moving in my packed-tight ass, and then faster and faster. Soon, he was banging my butt with reckless abandon, his immense balls loudly smacking my cheeks as he pummelled my bum. I gripped my cock and frantically tried to fist it as I was jolted again and again by his bludgeoning cock-thrusts.

'Yes! Fuck me harder, Barron!' I had the nerve to yell, sweat pouring off my face and pattering onto the carpet, my hand flying up and down my

jerking cock.

He savagely hammered my ass, his fire-hardened steel pistoning relentlessly back and forth in my chute, sending shockwaves of pure, unadulterated joy coursing through my body, up my tingling cock. He grunted like a female tennis player as he pounded my bottom unendingly, plundered my sex hole with his sword. And just when I began to think that the well-hung, well-built young stallion could, in fact, go on forever, he suddenly wailed, 'I'm coming!', and redoubled his already furious efforts.

He jammed his horse cock all the way into my butthole, let out a roar of triumph, and blasted my ass with semen. His body jerked to and fro with each and every spout of jism, his fingernails clawing at my sweat-sheened flesh as he came and came and came – as I came, coating the carpet with my superheated sperm as Barron coated my insides.

He finally collapsed on top of me, his cock wasted, his balls emptied, and then he rolled over onto his back and cradled me in his big, strong arms, his dong still securely lodged in my ass – where it belonged. It was then, in the recrimination-free sanctity of post-coital embrace, that I confessed to Barron that I'd been planning to make a play for him ever since he'd joined the firm.

'Me too,' he confessed right back. 'To be honest, you're the third partner I've fucked since I got here – and the best.'

I smiled, basking in the soothing sensation of his caressing hands on my chest, his nimble fingers rubbing and rolling my nipples. The sensual junior exec had just what it took to make it in the business world, I thought dreamily.

Road Trip

The boys would be going off to separate colleges in the fall, so they resolved to make perhaps their last summer together a memorable one. An epic road trip was in order.

Chad and Cody had been friends since their junior year in high school, when Cody's family had moved in on the same street as Chad's family. They shared many common interests, a love of adventure, a lust for learning and living. They were as close as two boys could get.

Chad was the bigger of the pair, taller, but still with the adolescent thinness of an 18-year-old. He'd grown four inches over the summer before. His brown hair was always neatly parted and glossy from brushing, his bright brown eyes open to the possibilities all around him, his smooth, fuzzed skin tanned brown from hours in the sun out in the open.

Cody was just as tanned, just as slender, but about three inches shorter, with sandy-blond hair and sparkling blue eyes, a lush, red mouth that could become petulant on occasion. He was the quieter of the two, but just as exuberant when it came to fun and games as his friend, the same age.

They loaded up the beater they'd bought specifically for the trip, bid goodbye to their parents, and hit the open road, three weeks of unbridled excitement and exploration at their fingertips. They sang along to the tunes blasting out of Cody's boombox up on the dashboard, as they motored down the highway.

Their first destination lay 100 kilometres to the west – Lake Wassego and its famous sugar beach. They made it in just under two hours, quickly finding out that the late-model Buick couldn't be pushed over 80 kilometres an hour.

They stripped off their T-shirts and jeans, revealing their Speedo swimsuits underneath, and ran laughing across the hot, fine sand and plunged into the blue, sun-heated lake waters.

They swam and splashed around for over an hour, dodging kids on inflatable everythings and older people floating out from the beach on their backs. Then they raced out of the water and flung themselves onto their beach towels, panting with exertion.

'Pretty lady at nine o'clock,' Chad said out of the side of his mouth.

His friend raised up on an elbow and stared at the bikini-clad redhead strolling past them with her breasts almost spilling out of her bulging top. 'Little too mature for this guy,' Cody commented.

'Oh yeah, I forgot. You like 'em young – our age or below, right?'

'That's right,' Cody replied, rolling onto his stomach and stretching out. 'Got my back, bud?'

'Huh?'

'Oil me, brother. This sun's beating down something fierce.'

'Right.' Chad dug a tube of suntan lotion out of the bag they'd brought

with them, crawled over and jumped onto Cody's thinly-clad bottom.

'Oof!' Cody exhaled. 'Easy!'

Chad bounced up and down on the boy's mounded bum, mock-riding him. Then he jolted his friend a second time, with a cool dollop of tanning cream.

He rubbed the white lotion into Cody's shoulders, the boy's back, smoothing his hands over the hot, brown flesh, kneading the cream into Cody's muscles. And as he rubbed the glistening skin, he bobbed up and down on his friend's butt, his groin rubbing against Spandex-stretched butt cheeks.

Chad swallowed, feeling his cock suddenly tingle, harden in the light, tight material of his trunks. It was all the rubbing, his groin against Cody's bum, the feel of the boy's soft, warm, gleaming skin, that was doing it, he figured. His friend had a butt like a girl's, just as pert and taut; flesh silky smooth and hairless, also like a girl's.

'Ah, that feels good,' Cody breathed.

'Huh?' Chad mouthed, unable to control the surge in his cock. It was stretching out his swimsuit, cap almost boiling out of the elasticized waistband. As he rubbed, and got rubbed. His face burned hotter than the sun, his body buzzing.

He took a quick glance around, then fully straddled his friend's rump and gently pumped his cock, in the cleft between Cody's cheeks.

'What are you doing?' Cody asked sleepily.

'Huh? Nothing!' Chad gulped. 'Your back is covered. You're good to tan.' He hastily rolled off Cody and onto his own towel, flat on his stomach. His hard cock pressed down into the hot sand.

They spent the day at the lake, the next day back on the road, headed for a national park that boasted some bitchin' hiking trails. It was hot again, and the two teenagers were wearing just shorts and sandals, their shirts off in the car.

Cody toed off his sandals and stretched his caramel-coloured legs out, crossing them up on the dashboard as he slumped down in his seat.

'Hey, I don't want to smell feet for the next 200 klics,' Chad protested, despite the wind rushing in the open windows.

Cody grinned. He uncrossed his legs and poked his left foot over into Chad's face. 'There's no smell, buddy. They're fresh as daises. Take a whiff.'

Chad tried to brush the slim, arched foot away, but Cody persisted. So, gripping the steering wheel, Chad turned his head and opened up his mouth and captured one of Cody's slender toes between his teeth.

'Hey!' It was Cody's turn to protest.

Chad grinned at his friend, sealing his lips around the bulb-headed foot-digit and tugging on it. The toe was plump and soft and meaty at the top, thin-stemmed, Cody's brown leg stretching out before Chad's eyes. He sucked gently on the toe, staring at that tanned expanse of flesh over the delicately-constructed foot.

And something stirred again between Chad's legs, as his lips worked, his

tongue brushing against the curved underside of Cody's toe. The guy really did have small, shapely little girl's feet, and that toe tasted nice, filling his mouth, wiggling cutely, alive.

Chad's eyes glazed, his knuckles whitening on the forgotten steering wheel. His lips and tongue worked, mouth sucking on the luscious foot-digit, his cock and balls swelling with that delightfully tingling sensation. His gaze travelled down the length of Cody's leg, into Cody's soft blue eyes. They were hooded, the boy's mouth broken open, his plush, red lips shining with moisture.

'Hey, watch the road, toady!'

Chad jumped, jerking his head around. An 18-wheeler roared by in the opposite lane with only a foot to spare.

'Quit distracting me, then!' he rasped, running a damp, shaking hand through his lustrous hair.

'Is that what I was doing?' Cody breathed. He carefully crossed his feet back up on the dashboard again, his left big toe gleaming with his friend's saliva.

The pair spent that evening hiking some of the shorter trails in the park. And after a good night's rest, they set off early the next morning, intent on some serious hiking.

They had covered a number of the park's longer trails by noon. By late-afternoon, they were in the farthest reaches of the park, not another soul in sight. Just them and the clear blue sky and fresh south wind and thousands and thousands of hectares of emerald green forest.

They walked out the end of a trail and onto a rocky promontory that provided a spectacular view of the park. Chad slipped off his light backpack and walked closer to the edge of the 500-metre elevation.

Whereupon Cody gave out a whoop and jumped up onto his friend's back. 'Take me over the edge, pack mule!' he yelped, digging his heels into Chad's thighs, his arms wrapped around his friend's neck.

Chad didn't even stagger under the load. Cody was as light as a feather, Chad's own thigh muscles strong after years and years of hiking. He casually walked to the very edge of the ledge, then spun around and pretended to try to shuck Cody off his back and out into the wild blue yonder.

'Hey!' Cody cried, holding on tighter with his hands and heels. 'This isn't lover's leap, boyfriend! And I ain't Susan Bucholz!'

Chad and Susan – a petite, quiet, pretty brunette – had dated briefly in the 11th grade. 'That's for sure!' Chad responded exuberantly. 'Susan knew how to put out!'

He jumped forward and spun Cody around on his upper body, collapsed to the ground on top of the teenager. The boys' perspiration-dewed bodies pressed together.

'You mean like this!' Cody cried, puckering his lips and pecking away at Chad's face.

Chad laughed, pulling his head back just a bit. ‘No, like this!’ He pumped his hips, grinding his cock in his shorts into Cody’s shorts.

Cody laughed and clawed at Chad’s back. ‘Oh, yes, you big, strong brute! Make love to me! Oh, gosh, please!’ He bobbed his head up and smacked his wet mouth against Chad’s open mouth, spurring his heels into Chad’s pumping buttocks.

The boisterous grin abruptly left Chad’s face, as he felt his shifting cock surge hard against Cody’s cock, his head spinning and heart beating with the sweet, moist taste of Cody’s lips. He grabbed onto his friend’s blond head and hungrily kissed the teen, thumping his cock against Cody’s cock.

Cody’s arms fell away from Chad’s neck, his legs away from the boy’s waist. He lay back on the soft bed of moss, smothered by Chad’s mouth and cock. Making no attempt to break free.

Chad pulled his head back, though, breaking the kiss himself, gasping for air. He stared down into Cody’s glittering blue eyes, the boy’s body hot and soft beneath him. He undulated his cock against Cody’s cock, scared now, reality rushing back in on him.

Cody didn’t say a word, didn’t move.

Chad stopped his pumping. His body was on fire, his cock blazing steel-hard, brain reeling. ‘Y–yeah,’ he gulped, ‘that’s Susan all right. G–good imitation.’

Cody smiled. And Chad climbed off his friend, helped the boy to his feet, doing his best to conceal the enormous erection tenting the front of his shorts.

The pair spent most of the following day racing ATVs across the sand dunes in the park. It was hot, gritty fun, and when they finally returned to their motel room that night, they wanted nothing more than to hit the shower and then their beds.

There was only one shower, however. They both called dibs and made a dash for it, pushing and shoving, yelling and laughing, stripping off their dirty, sweaty clothes. They jumped over the ledge of the tub and into the shower at the same time.

Chad scooped up the tiny bar of soap, while Cody had hold of the lone facecloth. It was crowded in the small enclosure, the boys naked, their shiny brown bodies brushing against one another.

‘I’ll only be an hour or so,’ Chad said, twisting the knobs. Hot water sprayed down on him. ‘Hopefully, they’ll be enough water left for you.’ He crowded up close to the showerhead, taking the delicious needle-spray on his face and chest, rubbing his chest with the soap.

Cody tried to squirm past his friend, his arms reaching around, loins pressing into Chad’s clenched buttocks. But there wasn’t enough room. So he fell back and started rubbing Chad’s neck with the facecloth. ‘Share and share alike, I say. That’s life on the road.’

Chad laughed, nervously. He shivered, despite the steam rising all around them, the hot water sheeting down his body. Cody was massaging his neck

with the facecloth, slowly and sensuously, the boy's other hand on Chad's hip.

Chad felt that strange, warm tingling sensation all over again, his cock rising up in the spray, engorging with blood. He couldn't control it, Cody's rubbing, the touch of the boy's warm fingers on Chad's bare skin, feeling so very good.

He slid the bar of soap down lower, over his stomach, his lower abdomen, onto his cock. He jerked, as he touched his fully-erect penis.

'Rub you the wrong way?' Cody asked.

'N–no! Go ahead ... keep doing it.'

Cody rubbed down Chad's back, and Chad groaned, his head spinning, the bar of soap scrubbing his cock now. The facecloth moved onto his lower back, onto his buttocks, swirling over his shimmering skin – rubbing him the exact *right* way like he was rubbing his pulsing cock.

Chad shuddered, as Cody's left hand gripped one of his butt cheeks, Cody's right hand caressing his other cheek with the facecloth. And then the boy full-out spasmed, as his cock suddenly boiled out of control in his soapy, shunting hand. Semen burst out of the tip of his over-stimulated organ and sprayed against the tiled wall of the shower.

Chad could hardly believe it. It had all happened so fast. He tried his best to hide his excitement, his body flooding with heat, cock pumping out joy in his hand. His buttocks quivered uncontrollably under Cody's rubbing, clutching hands.

It was over as quickly as it had started, a summer storm welled up out of nowhere, unleashing a torrent, then dissipating again. Leaving one embarrassed, shaken young man.

Chad dropped the bar of soap and jumped out of the shower, mumbling, 'That's good enough for me!' He ran out of the steamy bathroom.

After filling their stomachs at a local restaurant, the two friends stretched out on their motel beds to watch TV. But they could barely keep their eyes open. Cody hadn't said anything about the incident in the shower, and Chad figured he must've not noticed.

'Why don't you watch over here,' Cody spoke up suddenly, rousing Chad from a doze. 'You can see the TV better.'

Cody's bed *was* at a better angle to the tiny, bolted-down television set. Chad got up and Cody squirmed over on the bed, making room for his friend. Both boys were wearing only clean pairs of white underwear, their smooth bodies gleaming bronze under the subdued lights. Night had fully fallen, and the motel and park were quiet.

Chad stretched out his lanky frame, leaning back against the headboard and folding his hands in behind his head, crossing his ankles. Cody lay on his side, his head propped up by his right hand.

Ten minutes later, Cody was fast asleep next to his friend, laid-out flat on his back, head cushioned on a pillow. Chad was wide-awake now, staring at

Cody's caramel body, the teenager's darker-brown nipples, the outline of the boy's cock in his briefs.

The TV show was long-forgotten, Chad's field of vision filled by his slumbering companion. And before he fully realised what he was doing, he'd slid down on the bed next to Cody, mesmerized by all that lovely bare skin, the smooth lines of Cody's body, the bulge in the boy's underwear.

He swallowed, hard, not thinking of the consequences, reaching out and brushing one of Cody's tan nipples with his fingers. Then he jerked his hand back, when he felt the nipple instantly stiffen against his soft, curious fingertips.

Chad licked his lips, feeling the heat from Cody's nearly-nude body so close. He brushed the nipple again, the boy's other nipple, thrilling at the surge his fingers elicited in his friend's buds. He watched the nipples thicken and swell higher, and then he bent his head over one and kissed it.

Cody smacked his lips, but his eyes stayed closed. Chad looked back down to his friend's chest, and kissed Cody's other nipple, tasting the rubbery texture, the pebbled areola surrounding the blossomed buds. And then he looked down at Cody's groin, and saw that his friend's cock was really stretching the thin fabric of his briefs, significantly larger and longer than it had been just a moment before – before Chad had kissed Cody's nipples.

Chad trailed the fingers of his right hand down Cody's stomach, up onto the bulging curvature of the boy's cock. Cody moaned, thrusting upwards, pressing his cock against Chad's fingers.

Chad gripped the erection, acting on impulse. It beat in his palm, pulsating larger and larger. Until ... Cody abruptly rolled over onto his side, facing away from Chad.

But there was no stopping the aroused young man now. His own cock was a molten length of steel in his briefs. He stared at Cody curled up next to him, at the boy's rounded bottom. Then he pulled his underwear down, freeing his throbbing cock, pulled Cody's briefs down, exposing his friend's taut, tanlined butt cheeks. Chad was ablaze with emotion. He crowded in close to Cody on the bed, spooning against the boy.

'Jesus!' he gasped, shuddering with the heated impact of his bare cock against Cody's bare bum. His friend's body burned as hot as his own, and he thrust his cock in between Cody's ripe cheeks, gently pumping silky-smooth crack.

Chad wrapped his arms around Cody, urgently pumping his cock into the boy's butt cleavage. He was already close to coming, the wicked intimacy, the weird, wonderful sensations, overwhelming the boy.

'Fuck me, Chad,' Cody whispered, shocking his friend.

Cody reached into the drawer of the bedstand and brought out a small bottle of lubricant, handed it back to Chad. Then he snuggled back down onto the sheet and pressed his bum into Chad's cock. 'Please, fuck me. I've wanted you to for so long.'

Chad couldn't believe what he was hearing. He shook with joy, acting on instinct, lubing his iron erection, scrubbing in between Cody's hot cheeks with a pair of slippery fingers. Cody whimpered, then moaned, as Chad quickly replaced fingers with cock, thrusting his cap against his friend's bumhole.

He didn't waste any time. Any hesitation could cost them this beautiful moment. He gritted his teeth and gripped his cock and pushed his cap into Cody's rosebud. He burst through, his cockhead swelling Cody's gripping ring. He speared shaft inside, sinking almost his entire length into Cody's hot, tight anus.

'Jesus!' Chad gulped, Cody thrusting his bottom back against Chad, cock filling chute.

Chad trembled wildly. It felt so good, so bad, his cock buried inside Cody. His cock fucking Cody, as he pumped his hips, sliding his penis back and forth in his friend's – his lover's ass.

He reached around and grabbed onto Cody's vibrating cock, pumping Cody's cock as he pumped Cody's ass. The boys moved together, faster and faster, their breath coming in gasps, their bodies melding together in the blast-furnace heat of their lust. The bed creaked, flesh smacking against flesh, ass getting churned, cock getting jacked.

'Oh God, Chad, yes!' Cody wailed, his cock jumping in Chad's hand. Semen spouted out of the tip, Chad feeling every frantic convulsion of his lover, Cody's bum gripping his pistoning cock even tighter.

Then Chad spasmed and cried out. His cock exploded in Cody's anus, searing the boy's chute with sperm. Chad flung his legs straight out, thrusting, shuddering, emptying himself inside Cody in long, spectacular bursts.

It was the best summer the boys ever spent together. The best summer, period. And come fall, they were enrolled in the same college, staying in the same dorm room, sharing everything now. Like they'd learnt to do on the road.

Dark Journey

It was the urban shithole, the devastated core of the city, a wasteland of rubbled buildings and burned-out cars. No place for a white guy driving a taxicab. But I'm like Travis Bickle – anytime, anywhere. And I do so love the dark meat.

A kid was walking down Front Street. He had a backpack strapped to his back, was wearing white high-tops and black gym pants and a red mesh shirt. His hair was dread-locked short, with a cap over it on sideways. His black velvet skin gleamed night under the hot sun.

I slowed the cab up alongside, thumbed down the passenger window, said, 'Want a lift?'

He stopped in his tracks and stared at me, big brown eyes narrowing, face shining. 'I can't afford no cab, man.'

'This one's on the house. I'll take you as far as you want to go.'

He looked up and down the desolate street. A couple of winos stirred in the shade of some weeds in an empty lot. 'Man, I'm getting the hell out of here. All the way out.'

I reached over and pushed the door open. 'Then let's ride.'

He shrugged, took one last look around, and then slid inside the cab. As I got out the other side and went around. 'You drive,' I said, urging him over in under the wheel on the bench seat. 'Long shift. I'm tired.'

He was only 18 or so, with high cheekbones and a high forehead and thick lips and thin limbs, long fingers. He was seriously headed anywhere but where he was, and as he pulled the cab away from the curb, I hit him up with the fare.

'You can drive as far as you can hold off coming,' I told him, reaching over and placing my hand on the crotch of his baggy pants and looking him in the eyes.

'Aw ... shit,' he breathed, his hands trembling on the wheel. But he pressed down on the accelerator, and we were off.

I found his cock buried in the folds of his pants and underwear, rubbed it. He was swelling hard in a minute, full-blown erect by the time we hit First Street. I reached over with my other hand and tugged at his waistband, and he arched his butt off the seat and let me slide his pants down. His blue plaid shorts bulged with cock.

I licked my lips, gripped his mighty erection. He jerked, the cab leaping forward almost right through a red light. My fingers could barely encircle the engorged girth of his cock through the cotton material of his shorts. The kid was packing some serious meat – dark meat. I just had to see it.

Another car pulled up alongside us, two hookers out for a morning joyride in their pimp's wheels, by the look of it. They whistled and cheered, as I dug into the kid's shorts and pulled his long, hard, ebony cock out into the open. I

swallowed, hard, silently cheering like those whores, staring at the tall, thick, night-shaded pipe, feeling it pulse thumping hot against my pressing palm.

'What's your name, big guy?' I asked, gently tugging on his cock, swirling my hand up and down its smooth, inky length.

'B–Brandon,' he gulped, jerking the cab forward, through the intersection and away from the waving prostitutes.

'Nice cock, Brandon,' I said, leaning over and gripping his pube-pebbled balls with my other hand, stroking his snake.

He held on tight to the steering wheel, staring straight ahead. It was Sunday, hardly any traffic. I squeezed Brandon's packed nut sac, twisting my other hand up around his hood, bathing the bloated, blue-black cap with my smooth, warm palm.

My hands couldn't contain my lust. I leaned down, slid my red lips over the young man's knob. 'Fuck!' he yelped, bucking up into my mouth, filling me with edible cap.

I clenched his balls, keeping that liquorice stick pointed high in the air, hood in my mouth, lips tugging. Brandon's lean body quivered, his cock jumping, seeking to drive deeper into my mouth.

I pulled my head up, my mouth off the swollen tip of his dick, then tongued around and around it. 'Tell you what,' I said, 'if you can make it to the city limits, you can ride for free far as you want to go.'

He looked down at me breathing all over his glistening crown. 'What'd you mean "make it to the city limits"?'

'Without coming in my mouth,' I answered. Then sucked up his hood again, plunged my mouth halfway down his towering cock.

He was game for the challenge, built for blowjobs. He pressed down hard on the accelerator, sweat popping his forehead, cockhead bumping the back of my throat. We blew past Third – Fifteenth Streets in a blur. As I clenched his nuts and bobbed my head up and down on his cock, sucking quick and tight on that luscious black dong.

Brandon's mouth hung open, his pink tongue out. He squinted the sweat out of his eyes, concentrating, concentrating on the road, trying to ignore the heated, wet tug of my mouth on his cock, the playful fondling of my fingers all over his balls. We were past the numbers and into the suburbs where streets rated names. There was more traffic, families going to church, out for brunch. The last thing they were looking for was a black teenager at the wheel of a cab, getting openly blown by a white man in his lap.

Brandon slammed on the brakes and we fishtailed to a stop at a red light. I sucked up the kid's cock, really dragging my tongue and lips, drawing out every silky dark inch of the man. Then I popped my mouth off his knob and stared over at Mom and Dad in the mini-van next to us. I smiled, stuck out my tongue, twirled it all around Brandon's cap.

A couple of kids squeezed their faces up against the window in behind their red-faced parents, trying to get a better look. I tapped Brandon's slit with

the tip of my tongue, caught a drop of pearl-white pre-come that bubbled up, stretched it out into a long, sticky rope.

The mini-van shot forward, right through the red light, barely missing a couple in a convertible craning their necks to get a better look at Brandon and I. The kid's slickened cock jutted higher than the dashboard. i

'Oh, Jesus! Jesus!' Brandon moaned. As I poured my lips back over his hood and flowed my mouth down almost the entire length of his prong, his balls nestled damp in my hand.

The light turned green. The cab roared through the intersection, the city limits almost within sight now.

I bobbed faster, sucking tighter and harder on the kid's cock. Then slower, more sensually, sucking deep and languorous and immensely erotic. I inhaled every delicious inch that I could and then pulled back up right to the curved tip, sinking my teeth into soft, chewy cap before I lost contact. Brandon's body quivered, his cock vibrating, more and more pre-come surging out of his slit and into my mouth. I swallowed loudly.

'Almost there,' I said, letting my voice tremor his glistening dong from the hood on down. The city limits were in sight now, just a mile away according to the fast-passing sign.

I looked up at the sweating, shaking kid, grinning from around the mushroomed tip of his cock, white teeth sunk into black meat. His knuckles blazed almost as white as my teeth, his hips moving unconsciously, trying to fuck my mouth. He was being pulled in two different directions. I added a third.

I noosed his cock at the base with my forefinger and thumb, then glided the pair of digits up and down the lower half of his shaft, as I sucked on the upper half. I had the perfect rhythm in seconds, ebony and ivory tuned to sexual perfection.

It was too much for Brandon. His dong jumped, swelling come-hard in my vaccing mouth and between my jerking fingers. He bit his lip and whimpered, staring through tear-welled eyes at the sign that read "City Limits" only 100 yards further down the road. And then he bucked, and blasted, his cock exploding under my oral and digit onslaught, hot semen spurting into my mouth.

I'd timed it just right, and I drank in my victory – in deep, satisfied, hot salty gulps. I sucked and pumped and swallowed, Brandon uncontrollably shooting sheer heated joy into my mouth and throat.

The cab swerved off the road and onto the gravel shoulder, almost right into the grassy ditch. Brandon stared down at me, humping up into my mouth, spurting his ecstasy again and again and again.

I milked every last drop out of his darkened hose, then licked the gaping slit for what was left. 'Almost made it,' I said, smacking my smeared lips with satisfaction. I gave him one final affectionate tug, then sent him packing.

If he hung that horse-cock of his out with his thumb, he wouldn't have any

trouble finding the long-distance ride he was looking for.

I drove on down the highway, keeping my eyes peeled to the sides of the road as much as the middle. This was hitchhikers' alley, off the Interstate, and there was no shortage of people looking to bum a free ride.

I blew past one after another. This cab didn't stop for whites or women, not when it was off-duty.

Finally, I spotted what I was looking for, times two. A pair of young black men, long and lean and looking like brothers, in both senses of the word. I roared off the asphalt and onto the gravel, skidding to a stop just ahead of them.

They ran over to the cab, as I watched them in the rearview mirrors. One of them was wearing a tight, striped shirt and a pair of tan shorts. His name was Latrell. His limbs were long and wiry, lushly dark. He had a shaved head and a pair of gold earrings, a long, hungry-looking face.

The other guy was named Arkee. He was slightly shorter than his friend, more thickly muscled. He was wearing a white T-shirt and black jeans, butt bulging the jeans, chest and shoulders the tee. His hair was trimmed short, his head just about as square as his jaw, his eyes wide-set and green in the pitch-black canvas of his face.

They dumped their gear in the backseat, along with themselves. We made small talk for a couple of miles. They were headed cross-country, to a friend's place out in San Francisco. They were my kind of people.

'I'm going to pull into this rest stop up ahead, OK?'

They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. They'd only been riding for five minutes, but what could they do?

'I'll tell you what, guys. I'm tired, this cab's tired.' It *was* an old cab. 'If you do something for me, you can take the cab and drive it out to 'Frisco. How 'bout it?'

They looked at each other again. Arkee said, 'What'd we gotta do?'

I grinned sheepishly into the rearview mirror. 'Fuck me in the ass and the mouth at the same time?'

We found a nice, sun-drenched strip of grass in some bushes, started taking off our clothes. I watched the men, slowly removing my own T-shirt and jeans and shoes and socks. This was going to be au naturel all the way.

They were shirtless in no time. I admired their dusky chests, their deeper, darker nipples. Arkee's were taut as twin chocolate eraser heads, while Latrell's were thicker and puffier.

Then the jeans and shorts came off, and the real show began. Both men were wearing tight, white briefs, the brightness of the stretched cotton material highlighting the blackness of their skin.

Arkee slid his briefs down, and his cock dropped out a goodly length along his thighs, huge and turgid even semi-erect. I licked my lips, staring at the snake; then over at Latrell's equally impressive dong, as he skinned down his briefs. His cock rose up and sniffed at the heated air, excited to be free,

swelling up quicker than any cock I'd ever seen before.

We were all naked. I walked over to the men and grabbed onto their cocks, pulling all three of us together in a wet, warm, sloppy kiss. Their dongs filled my palms, throbbing me full of sexual energy, as we swirled our tongues together, the men's neon-pink stickers jumping out of their mouths and into mine.

I dropped to my knees in the soft grass, level with their jutting cocks. I blew on one swollen hood, the other, the deep purple caps expanding under my breath. They each flung an arm around the other's shoulder, crowding closer, their pricks twitching and sliding together.

It was a hell of a lot of dark meat for one man to handle. But they had the right man, and I had the right meat. I sucked Arkee's pipe into my mouth, consuming his hood and most of his shaft. He grunted and thrust out his hips, jamming his dick deeper into my mouth.

I pulled back, sucked up Latrell's cock. He groaned and pumped, his dong filling my mouth. My cheeks bulged and throat swelled. I breathed through my nostrils, feeling that dong wildly pulse in between my stretched lips, pumping my hand up and down Arkee's slickened length. Arkee was longer and smoother; Latrell thicker and veinier.

I moved my head back and forth between the two heavy hoses, sucking, tugging, mouth and lips and hands. The men gripped each other's shoulders and pumped their hips in rhythm, cock spearing into my palm, into my throat. I shifted into another position, anxious to get even more.

The men lay down on the bed of grass on their backs, close together, Arkee's right leg thrown over Latrell's left leg. I straddled their charcoal bodies on all-fours, at the groin ends, gripping their pipes and gathering them up, rubbing them together. They groaned, lashing their tongues at my hanging erection.

It was a three-man 69, me the lustful recipient of two black cocks to play with. I crammed both hoods into my mouth and sucked on them at the same time. They bobbed their heads up at my hood, capturing it with one set of lips and tugging, the other set of lips. I groaned through my full mouth, feeling the wet, wonderful pulls all through me.

I broke the pair of cocks apart and swallowed drool. Then I inhaled Arkee's cap, dropped my mouth down his shaft almost right to his balls. His cock quivered in my maw, locked down in the stunning steam bath. Someone sucked up half of my dangling prick, giving me a wicked taste of my own erotic medicine.

I pumped my head up and down, hoovering Arkee's cock; as I tugged on Latrell's dong with my hand. My own cock was passed from one mouth to the other, fingers finding and stretching my asshole, probing inside.

I jerked, on fire with sensation. I pulled Latrell's cock closer, mouthed it. The man groaned from around my pulsating dick, Arkee flat-out finger-fucking my ass. The boys were getting ahead of themselves. Latrell was

leaking pre-come out of the tip of his prick.

I kept my all-fours animal position, while Latrell got in behind, Arkee up front. My ass was lubed, like Latrell's cock. His long, slippery fingers scrubbed at my crack, making me sing with desire, squeal with delight when he dove two digits three knuckles deep into my chute. He pumped me in prelude to cocking me. I opened my mouth wide and Arkee jammed his dong home, stuffing me full.

He gripped my hair and pumped his hips, fucking my face in slow, measured strokes. Latrell withdrew his fingers and inserted his hood, bulging my ring, then bursting through, sinking shaft into my anus. One black man churning my mouth, his balls bouncing off my thrust-out tongue; another black man churning my ass, thighs cracking off my rippling cheeks.

Dongs sawed at me from both ends, plugging my throat and chute. The men moved in rhythm, fucking me faster and faster. Manly grunts and groans filled the heated air, along with the sharp, sweaty smack of flesh against flesh. My anus and throat burned raw, spit spilling out of the corners of my stretched mouth, ass split wide.

The frenzy built and built. I was rocked back and forth, pistoned mouth and anus. I grabbed onto my own numb-hard cock and stroked, and instantly came. Come blasted out of my cap, shaking me from the inside out. Just as Arkee shouted and spasmed and shot jizz straight down my throat.

Latrell frantically slammed my gyrating ass. Then yelled out his own ecstasy, rocketing sizzling semen deep into my bowels. I overflowed with sperm, back and front and pouring out of my own cock. The two black men brutally fucked this white boy, emptying out their balls and mine at the same time.

I gave them the cab, and they drove off down the highway. The vehicle was stolen, anyway. I crossed to the other side of the road and stuck out my thumb, hoping for a Sunday driver to pick me up. A nice, hung, dark Sunday driver.

Rear Guard

Everyone had a good gut laugh when they handed me the "shit" job – guarding the washrooms of the largest city park against unauthorised penal and anal activity. Apparently, there'd been a spate of reports from indignant citizens and irate squirrels of guys coming together in the shelter of the city cans, coming all over and within each other.

'It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it,' I cracked wise, accepting the ribbing with a shrug. Then I headed out to my patrol car, bound for the glory that was allegedly taking place in those not-for-public-consumption glory holes.

It was a rainy day, kind of cool. The sprawling green acres and gardens were all but deserted as a result, the zoo boasting more four-legged animals than two-legged. I drove into the parking lot at the south entrance and surveilled the brown-slatted men and women's washroom building located in the far corner of the lot. The rain drummed a humdrum tattoo on the metal roof of my spy vehicle, to go with the lack of illicit action I was observing.

There were only 20 or so cars sprinkled about the huge asphalt vehicle pad, all of them empty, no one moving around, making for the forlorn washroom in the mist. It went on like that for half-an-hour, before I finally exited the car and wandered on over to the public john, to frisk the interior for any ribald gaiety. Never let it be said that I don't do a thorough job, despite the pittance they pay me, and the low-profile work they assign me.

I slipped through the swinging door and slunk down the cement hall, peeked around the blunt corner. And saw one barren bathroom facility. Not even a duck was in there getting dry out of the rain, rustling his tail feathers at some other queer quacker. I strode on in and checked the three stalls. They were as empty of cock as the three shining wall urinals.

I grimaced and headed back out into the lonely early evening.

The washrooms on the west and north sides of the park were equally innocuous. One old guy desperately trying to squeeze one out in the north country cans, and that was about it. By the time I pulled into the east side parking lot, it was getting darker, raining harder, Day One on the dick patrol looking like a complete washout.

Until a red Sentra pulled into the lot and drove right up to one of the concrete curbs in front of the small washroom building, parked. A man got out – a tall, angular black guy with close-cropped hair, wearing a blue jacket and black pants, a furtive expression. I ogled all that through my mini-binoculars from the other side of the lot, parked next to an empty service vehicle. The guy took a quick glance around, at his watch, then covered his head and ran for the can, barged in.

It was only two minutes later by my Casio that another car pulled into the lot, parked near the public crappers. This gent was shorter, even darker, with a

wild-looking 'fro, wearing a poncho and pair of dungarees. He, too, glanced around after hairing his huge shades. But he didn't have a watch to check the time with, just a cellphone, which he casually filed away in his back pocket as he advanced on and into the restroom facility.

The bees were gathering at the honey pot.

A Jaguar pulled into the lot, parked near the two other cars. This man was medium-height, muscular build, swarthy-looking. He was wearing a dark-blue suit and bright magenta tie, a pair of shoes whose shine blinded my eyes even from a hundred yards away. He ran a hand over his curly hair and didn't bother checking anything else, just strode on over to the building housing three urinals and toilets, and two men, and added to the collection.

It looked to me like either a drug deal or city paving contract was going down, or some of that aforementioned homo-sex was about to take place on my watch. I desired a closer look-see.

I slid out of the car without closing the door and ran through the rain, hugged the side of the building. I didn't hear a thing, just the pitter-patter of God's sweet nectar. So I moved around the side, eased the door open enough to slip my six-foot-three, 220-pound frame through, tip-toed down the concrete and peered around the corner.

The three men were all in there, all right. There was no backdoor to the place, the only other exits being straight down the pipes and into the river. But these guys weren't sucking up a storm or fucking up a deluge. They were merely standing around by the sinks talking to one another, about the zoo expansion that was underway. My ears got bored and legs tired just listening to them.

It was time to put it on the line, go from covert to overt.

I walked in on the trio, swaying my hips just a little in my Dockers, shuddering my butt cheeks just a little more in my Jockeys. I got their attention. They nodded at me; but nothing more. They went back to their yammering.

I pulled up at a urinal and straddled it, undeterred by their apparent indifference. Some perps you can lead to water, some you've got to shove their heads right into the toilet. I unzipped my fly slow and loud, drew my cock out of the folds of my clinging underwear and pants, unfolded it in front of the urinal.

I'd come armed, my rod semi-erect, thick and turgid in my hand. I pumped it up harder, longer, pointing at the porcelain and groaning slightly, glancing over at the men.

'You all right?' the short guy with the big hair finally asked.

I sort of grunted, pumping faster, my dick hidden from view by my arm and the urinal. The guy looked at his friends and then walked over closer to me, repeated his question. Flies to the flypaper, I thought, grinning.

When the man was right next to me, I suddenly half-turned around, showing him my now fully-erect dong. Showing all of them my eight inches

of vein-ribboned meat. Showing them I meant business.

Then telling them. 'Yeah, my cock seems to have swelled up all on its own. Know any way to get it back down again?'

The man closest stared at my dick. Then he shrugged his shoulders, said, 'Sorry, man.'

Sweet street justice, but these guys were cautious to the point of ignoring a cocktease! I gritted my teeth in frustration.

Then I escalated the situation, telling them my name was Cap, getting them to introduce themselves as Len, Tyrese, and Tony. And when we were all on a first-name basis, I blatantly introduced Len to my cock, pushing gently down on his shoulders until he was on his knees, in front of my boner.

He looked up at me, whites of his eyes showing whiter. If it took a force-feeding, I'd give it to him, I was that fired-up.

I sifted my fingers into his afro and pulled his head close, his thick, warm lips bumping against the yawning chasm of my slit. I jerked, and grunted, and merciful man-eaters, but lo and behold Len finally took the bait, blossoming his lips open and blooming them over my hood.

The dance of seduction was over, the dirty dancing begun. Tyrese and Tony walked over and got down on their knees, watching up-close as Len gripped my dangling balls in his warm, pale palm and sucked more of my prong into his hot, wet, red mouth.

My fingers curled in his hair, grabbing on tight. As the guy twisted my sac and inhaled my pipe almost right down to the furline. He bobbed his head back, forward, sucking hard and tight and long on my dong.

But he wasn't the greedy type, because after just a few pulls he handed me over to Tyrese on his right. And then that ebony man's man widened his mouth and mouthed my hood, glided his lips down my shaft. I jerked and groaned, grabbing onto the short hairs on his head.

Tyrese tugged up and down on my prick with his mouth and lips, tongue bathing the underside of my shaft, as Len kept up with the ballwork, squeezing my sac with his hand, then his mouth. He sucked my nuts right up and pulled on the tingling, tightened pouch, while Tyrese glided back and forth on my rod, wet-vaccing me wild.

It was Tony's turn. The muscleman cranked my slickened length with his heavy hand, before sucking me rugged and raunchy. His teeth scraped my shaft, my hood bumping the back of his throat. Tyrese sucked on my balls, Len strangling and stroking the base of my cock with two noosing fingers.

My throbber went up and down the line, passed from one eager man to the next like a sexual baton. It was awe-inspiring, all that oral gamesmanship. Problem was, I wasn't built for the distance events. My balls were boiling out of control after just a couple of laps around the guys' lips.

I got them up on their feet. We exchanged intimate pleasantries, kissing, frenching. I sucked on Len's long, neon-pink tongue like he'd sucked on my cock, Tony and Tyrese deep-kissing in each other's arms. We all came

together at the mouth, a four-man snog, our tongues flapping against one another's, swapping drool.

And then, finally, we really got together, pulling a quad-train in that public washroom.

We stripped off our clothes in no time at all. Tyrese and Len's cocks were smooth and long and liquorice-black, their mushroomed hoods almost purple. Tony's cock was shorter, thicker, tan in colour, marbled with veins.

We didn't waste any time – who knew when some "stranger" might bust in on us and spoil the fun. The three guys all came armed with lube, and we all used it in copious quantities, greasing our meat and nightsticks. Then Len, being the smallest, assumed the position against one of the sinks, Tony in behind, Tyrese in behind him, me bringing up Tyrese's rear.

Len gripped the porcelain with whitened knuckles, as Tony scrubbed the man's crack with his slippery fingers, then jammed his cock in between those taut back-pillows. Len grunted, taking Tony full-length up the chute.

It was Tyrese's turn – to stick Tony. He rubbed the man's butt cleavage and hole nice and slippery, then guided his dong in between the guy's quivering buttocks. He knocked on heaven's door with his hood, burst into the Promised Land, filling Tony's ass with his cock.

It was up to me to complete the hook-up. I was up for the task. I slid two slick digits in between Tyrese's clenched cheeks and along his smooth crack. I parked the tips of those digits on his butthole, pressed them on through. He shivered on the ends of my fingers, as I delved deeper into his hot, tight chute, right up to the last knuckle.

I pumped him a couple of times, gently rocking the trio of men. Then I pulled out, plugged in with the big show, popping his ring with my cap and sinking shaft into his anus. I went hard and long, slow and sensual, until my balls kissed up against his dark moons, cock totally and utterly erotically buried.

I started the chain-reaction, fucking the guy's ripe, mounded ass. The men easily caught onto the rhythm, churning each other at the pace I'd set. The searing sight of the scene, the scorching, shifting heat of my cock in Tyrese's ass, set me ablaze. My blood boiled along with my balls. I moved faster, thrusting harder, banging the man in front of me who banged the man in front of him who banged Len up against the sink, the four of us humping like a caterpillar anxious to get out of the rain.

I gripped Tyrese's bladed shoulders and full-out rammed his ass, my thighs smacking into his clenching butt cheeks, cock pistoning his sucking anus. It went up and down the line like that, the frenzy building and building, men grunting, groaning, the thunderous crack of flesh against flesh filling the building. The sink grated, was almost torn out of the wall by the sheer force of four men fucking each other at the same time.

It was too hot to handle for too long. I bit into Tyrese's long neck, reaming his asshole. My cock seemed to swell in his rear, then jump. 'Man coming!' I

growled, jerking, jetting.

I was jolted over and over, raw, blistering orgasm blasting through my body and blowing out my balls, filling Tyrese's chute to overflowing. My ecstasy triggered their ecstasy, the chain-reaction going nuclear. Tyrese tilted his head back and howled and spasmed hot sperm into Tony's ass; Tony grunting and shunting and shooting Len full; Len cranking his own cock, spraying against the sink and the wall, coming with the cataclysmic impact off all three of us behind him.

I didn't bust the boys, in the legal sense of the word. They went their way, and I went mine.

See, I'm queer as folk; something the geniuses downtown didn't figure on when they handed me the "shit" patrol. And with the slim pay pickings I get as a security guard, I take my pleasure wherever I can find it, preferably on the company's dime.

Dick Work

I was sipping mud with my dogs up on my desk, when the Captain came around, tossed a slip of paper down into my lap. ‘This should be right up your “alley”, Hershbeck,’ he grated, garnering some off-colour guffaws from the other flatfoots hanging about. ‘A guy says his sex toy collection was stolen.’

‘TS,’ I responded, not entirely unsympathetically. ‘That can put a real hole in a man’s social life, all right.’

‘Get off your ass and follow it up!’

I swung around in my swivel, planted my dogs on the floor, my coffee cup on the desk, climbed erect. ‘I’m hard on the case, Captain.’

The man glared at me, as I walked across the Robbery Detail room.

‘Hey, Hershbeck,’ Frankie Grinnell called before I could exit. ‘When you find the guy’s sex toys, don’t keep ’em for yourself, huh.’

He horked out a horse laugh. I held the frosted glass door open for a parting shot. ‘What do I need with sex toys, Grinnell,’ I delivered, ‘when I’ve got your wife?’

I sauntered on out of the stationhouse, to my unmarked, drove to the address listed on the slip of paper. It was a 22-storey apartment tower in a trendy part of town. I double-parked my wagon and hoofed it on into the lobby, pushed the buzzer on 1905.

I went through a routine of 20 questions with the occupant of that sky-high abode, showed him my badge via the closed circuit camera. Finally satisfied with my credentials like he obviously wasn’t sexually anymore, he unlatched me inside. Whereupon the doorman proceeded to treat me as an undesirable, frisking the truth clean out of me.

I came away with fingerprints all over my sackcloth and the conviction that the sex toy theft was an inside job, if you’ll pardon the pun. I didn’t see how anyone from the outside could’ve gotten into the building without a M1-A2 Abrams tank and the know-how to use it.

Chev Toole was waiting at the finely-crafted door of his flop to greet me. ‘Come in, officer!’ he panted. ‘Isn’t it just dreadful – someone stole almost all of my sex toys! What am I to do?’

‘Grow some vegetables and go organic?’ I suggested.

Chev was a small, tightly-wound brunette with big brown eyes and a perpetual puppy dog expression. He was wearing a tight white T-shirt and an even tighter pair of torn and faded blue jeans. His body was as animated as his face, as he led me down the hall and into his boudoir.

He pulled a three-inch thick photo album out of a funky bureau drawer and opened it, began regaling me with tales of his stolen sex toys. ‘That’s Big Red,’ he chirped, pointing to the full-colour picture of a huge, red jelly dong. ‘And that’s Smooth Blue,’ he added, pointing out the posed, contoured deep-blue dildo on the opposite page.

He had a name for nearly everything, the date he'd bought the devices of pleasure carefully documented. It was on album number two, page 53, that he came to the crown jewel in his collection of dongs, dildos, butt plugs, vibrators, ball cosies, cock rings, nipple clamps, anal implants and sphincter splitters.

'That's Black Beauty,' he gushed, his finger trembling, tears clogging his eyes and choking his throat.

I grabbed the album and took a closer gander. Black Beauty was a gleaming, foot-and-a-half-long, two-headed ebony dong of rather remarkable girth and chiselled likeness to a certain appendage of the male anatomy. 'Nice craftsmanship,' I had to admit. 'Kind of big, though – for one man, isn't it?'

Chev amazed me by blushing. 'Oh, it's meant for two men, officer. One at each end. Only a fool would tackle Black Beauty all by himself.' His eyes grew even mistier with memory. 'It's fully-functional – vibrates and rotates and undulates. It cost me a fortune!'

'Uh-huh.' I set the album down. 'So, the thief or thieves stole your entire collection of sex toys, did they?'

'Oh, no, officer,' Chev responded. He swished over to a closet door, opened it, pointed down at a brimming cardboard box. 'He left these ones behind. My less valuable and least used pieces.'

I went over, bent down, picked a flesh-tinted, vein-scrolled dildo out of the box. It had a suction cup where balls would normally be located. 'How does this thing work?'

Chev snatched the sex toy out of my hand. 'Well, you stick it to a wall, or the floor, or the tub and ...'

'Can you show me?'

He smiled uneasily. 'Uh ...'

'It might help me break the case.' I shrugged, popping a goofy grin. 'I'm not too familiar with all this ... apparatus, you see.'

The man needed just that little bit of encouragement.

He rolled down his pants, revealing more smooth, tanned flesh, a semi-erection dangling out of trim and curly brown pubes. He smacked the dildo-base against the wall, and it stuck, twitching for something to bury its head and shaft in. Chev lubed the silicon hard-on, his crack, jumping with joy when his fingers touched heated rosebud.

'How 'bout this other stuff?' I stopped him before insertion, holding up a pair of nipple clamps and a cock ring. 'Can you show me how these work, too?'

The shirt came off, revealing a tanned, shaven chest and pair of ripe, puffy nipples. The clamps were fastened onto the nipples with a delighted squeal, the cock ring around the rapidly expanding cock. Then Chev backed up to the wall-mounted dildo, worked the swollen head in between his taut brown cheeks, when I strapped a ball gag onto his head and into his mouth.

'Like that?' I asked, as if eager to learn.

He nodded, not being able to speak anymore. His cock speared out from the ring, his nipples trembling in the clamps, as I gave him the all-clear and he resumed his backwards progress on the dildo.

Hood popped pucker and shaft entered anus, slow and easy, inch by textured inch. Chev's eyelids fluttered and his butt cheeks quivered, as he took the entire ten inches or so of that fuck-stick right up his ass. Until his buttocks splatted flat against the wall, the dildo anally consumed.

He started bouncing back and forth, impaling himself on the rod. It held tight to the wall, to his ass. Chev played with the clamps on his nipples, clutched and stroked his bloated cock in its squeezing ring, shuddering up against the wall.

I darted my hand in between his butt and the plasterboard and laced my fingers around the base of the dildo, pulling it out. 'I guess this thing can be operated by hand, too, huh?'

Chev stared back at me from his bent-over position, his eyes glazed. I pushed his ass forward a bit with the embedded poop-chute pole, then got in behind him and started plugging his butt on my own.

He groaned from around the ball gag, bending his knees and arching his back, fisting his dick. I churned his rear tunnel with the ass-pleaser, pumping hard and fast and even, my fist splashing up against his rippling cheeks. His whole body shook, as I reamed the guy, ramming his ass with a human touch.

Then he jerked, and jumped, semen spurting out of his mitt-cranked cock and spraying down onto his bed two metres away. I kept on plunging away with the dildo, though his convulsing ass walls added to the gripping pressure. And he kept on coming, choking his chicken and tearing at his clamps.

He collapsed in a pool of his own sweat and semen, the dildo still sticking out of his caramel-coloured rump.

'I take it other people knew about your collection?' I queried, hefting the photo albums again.

Chev weakly nodded his head, popping the dripping ball gag out of his mouth. 'Yes! Yes! I've had a few complaints from the neighbours – about the noise.'

I nodded and made tracks, leaving the man to recover his drained strength.

I slowed my pace in the hallway, listening for any noise coming from those neighbours of Chev's. A particular type of noise I was listening for, made by a man or a woman or man and man or woman and man or any other combination and permutation permitted by the Charter of Rights and Freedoms; someone putting their newly acquired bounty to the wicked use it was intended, in other words.

I busted in on an old guy jerking off to a *Golden Girls* repeat, a kid giving an inflatable Jenna Jameson one hellacious workout. But no bevy of high-priced sex toys.

I went back to the stationhouse, reported my findings to the Captain in intimate detail. He filled his wastepaper basket with vomit, as I filled him in.

Then I gave it a day, was parked outside Chev's building the next morning. I still figured it as an inside job, someone living within the high-security apartment building itself. I also figured this robbery was more for personal reasons than professional, usage rather than resale. So after a day and night playing with the impressive collection, I thought I might just be able to spot the sex toy sneak thief.

People streamed out of the building, men, women, kids, and pets, headed for work or school or the next available fire hydrant. I studied them all, didn't see anything hinky, let alone kinky.

And then just around 9:32, a tall, slender, well-groomed blond came through the glass doors, glanced up and down the street. He was carrying a bulging leather briefcase, an air of furtiveness about him, dressed in a pinstriped suit; looking for all the world like just another high-priced lawyer, accountant or government receptionist. But when he started walking down the sidewalk, I knew I had my man.

I caught up with him halfway down the block, shoved him into an alley, up against the wall.

'What's the meaning of this?!' he wailed.

'Copper,' I grunted, holding tight to his collar with one hand, frisking his athletic physique with the other. My fingers arrived at his butt mounds, explored, in between. Things were a little loose in the caboose, all right.

'You didn't think you could get away with it, did you?' I rasped.

'Get away ... I don't know what you're talking about.'

'Save the pleas of innocence for the prison shower room,' I countered. 'Your stroll was your tell. This ain't a Monty Python sketch, friend. That funny walk of yours could mean only one thing – you've been playing in the dirtbox with a spade of two-man-sized proportions.'

He tried to give me some more guff. Then his whining turned to whimpering, when I unlatched his belt and yanked his trousers and underwear down, explored the gap in his ass skin-on-skin.

'What's your name?'

'Clive ... Burrow!' he gasped, as my digits sunk into his bum with no need for a shoehorn. He'd been gaped, just as I'd suspected.

'Why'd you steal Chev's toys?'

He turned his head, trying to see, as well as feel, what I was doing to his butt. 'I–I got tired of hearing him brag about his collection. Tired of hearing him use his collection. You know, he never once invited me to one of his toy parties?'

'That's tough,' I growled, poking back and forth in his less-than-gripping bung. 'So where are they?'

'Well, uh, Black Beauty is in my briefcase,' he confessed. 'I was planning to give him another workout at lunch.' His voice changed, turning hopeful, his bright blue eyes beaming back at me. 'Unless ... you'd like to try him out yourself, officer. On me ... or–'

‘Thanks, anyway. But I’m already packing.’

I unzipped my fly, pulled out the enormous erection that had sprung up between my legs thanks to my fleshy fondling, the sight of Clive’s tight, tanlined butt. He grinned back at me, as I greased my super-rod with the lube I keep as standard equipment. Then he grimaced, gripping the alley wall, as I probed the mushroomed tip of my tool into his manhole. Even with an evening of loosening, it was still a tight fit.

I took a last look around, hooked to the guy’s ring by the hood. No one about, the alley empty. I grasped my shaft at the base and eased the rest of the massive inches into Clive’s bum, sticking him nice and slow and deep. This was the type of rubber-hosing cop and perp could both get on board with.

I drove right up to my clutching hand, burying my meat in the enveloping heat of the man’s chute. He writhed, moaned, Black Beauty clearing the track for me.

I let go of his collar and grabbed onto his hips. He rotated his butt on my cock, allowing the both of us to rut. It felt good, it felt right. Street-level justice. An open and shut case.

I pumped my hips, fucking the blond’s ass. My cock glided back and forth in his chute with sexual precision, making my face and body burn and my meat surge molten. Clive pushed back at me, matching my rhythm. His buttocks bounced and danced, his legs shaking almost as badly as mine.

It was taking a risk, sure, climbing all over the ass of a perp in public. But police work is all about taking risks, like online stock trading is all about taking gambles. Sometimes they pay off big-time and sometimes they crap out, like this time. It made living on the thin blue edge worth it.

‘Fuck me! Fuck my ass!’ Clive shouted, talking up a storm now.

I banged hard and heavy, using every raging inch I had in my arsenal, and his, my balls flapping against his buttocks. Sweat gripped my forehead and my fingernails bit into his hips, rocking away in a frenzy, the raw smack of flesh and squish of cock echoing off the bare alley walls.

I was ready to spill my beans, and I said so.

‘Come in my mouth! Shoot in my mouth, officer!’ Clive pleaded.

I’d given him so much, why not a little more?

I pulled my granite schlong out of his ass, and he spun around and dropped to his knees. The velvety wet heat of his lips consumed my glistening knob, just as orgasm knocked me back on my heels. I blasted away, coming in great, chugging gushes in the man’s desperately gulping mouth.

It left me drained, another day on the beat.

‘You just found them in an alley?’ Chev piped, finding it all a little hard to swallow. But delighted at getting back his sex toys, nonetheless. He cradled Black Beauty in his arms like he’d given birth to the beast.

‘Yeah,’ I grunted. ‘I guess whoever stole them just wanted to get back at you – temporarily. He obviously knew how much they meant to you.’

The guy kissed one swollen tip of his monster-dong, the other, cooed,

‘Well, it’s still–’

‘Maybe you should be a bit more accommodating with your neighbours. Invite them all to your parties from now on.’

He looked up at me and grinned. ‘OK.’

‘And maybe let me know when you’re having one of those parties, too, huh? I wouldn’t mind following up on this case. Make sure you got everything back in good working order.’

His grin spread even wider, top and bottom.

I exited the building, the climax of another successful investigation under my belt.

Demo version limitation

Cab Fare

The cab pulled up to the curb, Second and Main, skid row. A guy jerked the door open, jumped in.

'You got money for the fare?' the driver asked, glaring at the man through the rearview mirror, the plexiglass shield that partitioned back from front.

The cab was big and old, a rebuilt Checker. The driver made no move to pull it away from the curb.

'Yes, I've got money.'

The cabbie kept his eyes on the guy, sizing him up. He was small, with short brown hair and big brown eyes, a delicately-featured, pretty face, tanned. Dressed in a white T-shirt and blue jeans, white sneakers. The shirt was dirty, the faded jeans torn, the sneakers scuffed and scruffy.

'Are we going to move, or just enjoy the pleasant conversation?' the guy asked, smiling. His teeth were white, with no visible gaps.

The driver grunted and shifted into gear. The big car leapt away from the trash-strewn gutter.

It was two in the afternoon – slow time – the hot summer sun beating down on the buckled asphalt, the tired fronts of the grimy, centuries-old buildings that lined the dirty street. Traffic was light, but noisy and profane.

'John Ivanovich,' the man in the back read off the laminated plate. 'Hi, I'm Phil.'

John gripped the big black steering wheel even tighter. A talker, he thought, great. There was sweat on his lean face, the back of his long neck and the palms of his large hands; hardly any money in his wallet. He just wanted to drive, and get paid. The last hour was always the toughest.

'I said I'm Phil,' the guy persisted, amiable.

'Heard you the first time.' John pushed his lank, dark hair over to one side, eyes locked on the road, avoiding the rearview mirror and contact with his fare. 'Where to?'

'Take a right at Hollings and then keep going south. I'll tell you where to turn off after that. It's quite a ways.'

John grimaced, eyes flicking to the mirror. 'Show me the dough.'

Phil gazed back at him, studying John's clear blue eyes carefully. The cab rocked to a stop at a red light, the crumbled curb only one short lane away. Phil finally shrugged and smiled and unfastened his jeans, arched his butt off the seat and pushed his pants right down to his sneakers, grabbed onto his cock and pulled it up.

'What the fuck?' John yelped. Staring at Phil's thick, cut slab of meat, watching it grow even longer and harder in the man's stroking hand. Phil staring back at him, grinning.

The tip of John's pink tongue speared out and bathed his full, red lips, his Adam's apple bobbing. He dimly heard the irate honking behind him over the

rush of blood in his reddened ears, and he pressed down on the accelerator. The cab shot forward.

They roared down Main heading for Hollings, John watching his fare in the backseat ride his small, brown hand up and down the incredible length of his jutting cock. The shaft was wrist-thick and smooth, a lighter bronze than the rest of the man, the cap big and bloated, meaty. The tremendous member now so fully engorged that it could stand on its own, Phil briefly letting it loose to wag in rhythm to the road, ten inches of solid rod.

Then Phil slumped further down on the big, black, cracked-vinyl bench seat, and his cock seemed to grow taller still, right up to his cleft chin, from John's wide-eyed perspective in the oblong mirror. He regripped and pumped, from heavy, shaven sac to mushroomed hood, his little hand barely able to contain the beefy circumference of the giant dong.

A horn bellowed obnoxiously and a driver in the next lane shook his fist at John. The stunned cabbie yanked the wheel over to the right, the car back into its own lane. His eyes darting only momentarily onto the road, then back onto the cocky fare in his rearview mirror.

Phil licked his plush lips, his fine-chiselled face tightening with pleasure, brown eyes gone dreamy. 'I like it when someone watches,' he breathed, swirling his hand up and down and around his massive erection.

John watched. Frantically blinking the stinging sweat out of his gaping eyes and strangling the steering wheel with his sodden hands. His own cock gone as hard as Phil's in his pants.

'God, that feels good!' Phil groaned, really jacking his prong, hand tugging hard and swift on the engorged length of meat. Grabbing onto his hanging balls and squeezing, juggling. Mouth open, pink and wet and inviting.

John trod on the accelerator, the cab racing down the street doing 60K. Dodging cars and pedestrians, catching Hollings on two wheels and barrelling down the avenue, sailing southbound. John's shining eyes full of the erotic cock show in the backseat, anxious to keep it going; the cabbie even more anxious to take hold of that huge, hot, pulsing appendage and really jack it himself, then take it into his hungry mouth and consume it.

'Oh, John!' Phil gasped, both hands working his dong now, rapidly pumping. 'I'm–I'm going to come, John!'

John swallowed so hard his throat clicked, dry as the yellowed grass in the city park that flew by in a blur. 'No! I mean ... can't you hang on?' His eyes were panicked in the rearview mirror.

Phil desperately shook his head, two hands urgently tugging, pulling skin and pipe, pretty face distorted with lust. 'It's too late, John! My cock's getting so hard – come-hard!'

John chomped down on his lip so hard he drew blood, knuckles blazing white on the wheel. Staring at Phil's gaping slit, the straining, overswollen, hand-swept shaft, the ominously tightened sac – seeing it all through the

mirror and the plexiglass and feeling it right inside him, his own cock screaming in his pants, along with his soul.

They blew through a red light doing 70. Phil's hands pumping full-steam. John not breathing, sweat-drenched body quivering.

'Here it comes, John!' Phil cried, tugging, yanking, stretching his towering cock.

'Fuck! Jack that fucking beautiful prick!' John screamed, cab hurtling over 80.

A pearl-white drop of come appeared in Phil's slit, glistened. Followed by another, and another. A steady dribble. Then a stream. Then a geyser.

Phil moaned, white-hot semen leaping out of the tip of his handled dong. Spouting and showering onto the floor of the rumbling cab. Twice, thrice, four, five, six times. The volume of viscous come as large as the volume of cock.

John howled with every savage blast, a maniacal grin on his shining face. Fervently yearning that it were his own loving hands on that spurting, jumping snake; his flaming face taking the heated, sticky blasts of salty sperm.

'Make a left at Royal Oak Road,' Phil gasped, slowing hands squeezing the last juicy drops of satisfaction out of his twitching cock. His little body jerking with the sweet aftershocks of fully spent ecstasy. '1925 Royal Oak Road.'

When John had brought the big cab to a skidding stop on the semi-circular cement driveway in front of the two-storey, red-brick mansion, he turned around and looked at Phil. The man had his cock tucked back into his jeans by now. '*You* live *here*?'

Phil nodded. Then slid forward on the seat and pulled a roll of money out of the front pocket of his jeans and skinned off $200 in bills. 'For the ride – and the clean-up.' His teeth flashed white in a mischievous grin, his face only inches away from John's, behind the plexiglass.

The cabbie shook his head, grinning back. 'You know your money's no good here.'

He got out of the cab and pulled the back door open, helped Phil outside. Then led the trim-figured young man around to the back of the car and gripped him by the armpits and lifted him up, dropped him down on the expansive trunk. Tall and lean, John was wiry, as well.

Phil glanced around the hushed, green, tree-lined lawns, at the big brick house drowsing in the hot afternoon sun. 'You mean ... right here, right now?'

John smiled, unbuckling the belt that held up his tan dungarees. 'You didn't seem to mind when it was my backyard.'

A matching smile spread across Phil's sunbrowned face. And then he further matched John's actions, unzipping and pushing his jeans down.

John pulled them right off the man's smooth, slender legs. Standing there on the sunbaked cement with his own pants and boxers down around his ankles, his pale, skinny legs bared, his cock rising up and sniffing the heated

air.

John shuffled closer, shouldered Phil's legs. Staring at the guy's still-strong cock, the shaven balls, the puckered, pink opening to Phil's glory hole that gaped seductively between taut, brown buns. He'd taken his "road lube" out of his pants pocket before shoving them down, and now he greased his throbbing cock. Slid two fingers into Phil's cheeky ass crack and slickened cute asshole.

'Yes!' Phil groaned, his body jumping at the other man's touch.

He leaned back on the yellow metal and slid his shirt up, exposing his smooth, sunkissed chest, his stiff, burnt-sugar nipples. He gripped the rigid buds between two fingers and pinched and rolled them, his cock jumping on his flat stomach as John manoeuvred closer. 'Drive me, driver!' he gritted, squinting up at the towering man.

John clutched Phil's thigh with one hand, his other hand on his own cock – pointing, steering the rigid, pink, eight-inch dong at and into Phil's winking browneye. Pushing the fat, gleaming hood up against Phil's asshole. The heated contact sending a shiver through both men.

John didn't press it, though, not yet, the meaty cap staying squished there in the groove. As he took his hand off his cock and put it on Phil's. Grasping the man's enormous erection mid-shaft and squeezing. Getting a good feel for the mammoth appendage that had aroused such passion in the pair of them, set the chain of scorching sexual events into action.

Phil's cock was just as silky-smooth and amazingly thick as John had imagined it would feel. And he revelled in the beating, engorged heat of it. Pumping it with his sweaty hand, stroking and stretching the skin, rubbing the huge, well-defined hood, making the clean-shaven balls jump.

Satisfied, for now, he unhanded the swollen snake and took up his own cock again. Pushed his cap hard against Phil's pucker. And popped through, in; vein-striated shaft gliding smooth and sensual past stretching ass ring and deep inside accommodating chute.

Both men groaned with the exquisite sensation of long, hard cock sinking into hot, tight ass, the one man's clenched thighs bumping up against the other's clenched buttocks – pulsating dick buried to the hilt in gripping anus.

'Fuck me, John! Fuck me!' Phil pleaded, rolling his head around on the hot metal. Brimming ass gloriously swelled with embedded cock.

'Play with your prick!' John hissed, gripping both of Phil's golden-brown thighs and churning his narrow hips. 'Jerk yourself off like you did in my cab!' Pumping Phil's chute, fucking the man's ass.

Phil grabbed up his dong and started urgently stroking, his small, fine-lined body getting brutally shunted to and fro by John's vigorous cock-thrusts. Sweat poured off John's face, splashing down onto the superheated sexual nexus of the two men, adding more grease to the homoerotic fire. His body rocking and hips flying back and forth, cock surging in and out of Phil's sucking asshole, clear blue eyes fixated on the writhing man's hand-cranked

member.

Phil fisted his cock with one hand, felt up his tingling chest and buzzing nipples with the other. John's relentlessly pistoning rod filling him up to bursting. Setting his chute ablaze and his ass and body to shimmering with fiery joy.

'Yeah, baby! Fuck, baby!' John cried. Pumping his hips in a frenzy, pounding his cock into Phil's anus. His flapping sac bubbling and boiling, thrusting dong humming as tellingly hard as Phil's.

The wet, hot splat of corded thighs banging against shivering butt cheeks obscenely split the still, dry air. The animal grunts and groans of the two men gaining in urgency and intensity. The cock of the one jackhammering the ass of the other. Tall, standing, shaking man savagely fucking the smaller, shuddering man stretched out on the shiny trunk of the big yellow taxicab. The sun beating down on the wild men and the wild scene, exposing everything.

Phil groaned low and long, jerking on the end of John's prick. Semen jetted out of his jacked up cock, striping his face and chest with wicked orgasm. He stuck out his long, pink tongue to capture some of the leaping come, ecstatically taking it into his mouth and gulping it down.

John stared glassy-eyed at that spouting dong, sawing away at the coming man's chute. Then jerking himself, jolted by his own blistering orgasm. His cock exploded in Phil's ass and sprayed bowels and chute with such body and soul draining ferocity that it backed up and basted his own balls.

Until, at last, John collapsed on top of Phil, the two steaming, gasping men kissing and frenching. John feeling Phil's thunder cock press against the slickened skin of his stomach, his own cock still buried in Phil's ass, gently pumping.

The taxi driver left his card behind, as well. He was available for pick-up anytime. Phil was just the kind of cocky fare John's kind of cabbie loved.

The Pantyhose Bandit

It was all over the local newspapers and TV – the case of the "Pantyhose Bandit". Apparently, some dude was breaking into people's homes and stealing primarily worthless items while indulging in what was his primary reason for breaking-in in the first place – sniffing, fondling and dressing up in women's lingerie and high heels. In fact, according to some eyewitness accounts, the thief had broken in as a man – a pair of pantyhose over his head – and come out as a woman, dressed in ladywear everywhere including his head.

I read and watched the reports, not getting nervous like some, or giggly like others – but rather, getting very, very turned-on by it all. As I stroked my cock in front of the latest telecast of the Bandit's exploits (breaking into a house a couple of blocks over and making off with a lacy, black bra and panty set and a pair of six-inch black stilettos), I resolved to do something myself to catch the culprit. To protect the neighbourhood, yes; to get me a piece of the perverted perp, damn right!

It was all a matter of setting the right trap, I figured. I live alone, but just for the Pantyhose Bandit's sake, I made it look like I'd just taken on a female roommate – a very sexy female roommate – or become a serious cross-dresser myself.

I picked up some cheap women's high heels at the local Goodwill, set them out on my front doorstep. I dug through the trash at the rear of a lingerie shop, carried home numerous gold and red boxes, which I then prominently displayed in my own trashcans. I borrowed some bras, panties, stockings and pantyhose from various female friends, and hung them out on my clothesline. I even got a bottle of perfume and sprayed the entire contents around my yard, hoping the Pantyhose Bandit would pick up the scent, nose as well as eye-wise.

Then I darkened my home and drove off into the night; stopping three blocks over and sneaking back around inside, setting up shop in my bedroom, which now contained the final honeypot to attract the pilfering animal: a top bureau drawer over-brimming with women's lingerie.

It took three hours of patient, panting waiting, only my hard-on and visions of the heroic capture to come to keep me company. But around one o'clock, I heard the french doors that open out onto my backyard deck open up. I'd left them loosely latched, of course, just for the occasion.

I held my breath, my cock, peering out of the crack in my bedroom closet, my ears pricking and heart pounding. I heard a soft, padding sound – someone tip-toeing down the hallway carpet, coming closer. I froze, my sweating hand throttling my throbbing erection, as the stealthy steps drew nearer and nearer.

Until a shadow suddenly appeared in the bedroom, bigger and darker than any of the other shadows. I swallowed, staring, straining. A flashlight flicked

on, the white beam finding the overflowing bureau drawer with uncanny accuracy. The Pantyhose Bandit was in the room with me, inside my house of games!

The mini-flashlight was secured to his head, the better for hands-free fondling and sniffing. He was wearing the pantyhose, all right, also on his head, the gossamer legs flopping down like two oversized rabbit ears. He was tall, with a nice, slender, shapely figure, clad entirely in black.

I heard him sigh as he beheld the dazzling array of cotton, nylon and silk women's undergarments. Then I saw him plunge his hands into the frothy cloud of lingerie, bring an armful up to his nose. The inhalation and exultation was something to behold for myself.

I grinned, gently stroking my dick so not even the shifting foreskin made a sound to disturb the man's reverie. He was in his element now, wallowing in it. He rubbed satiny bras and panties, silky stockings all over his pantyhosed face, sniffing loudly.

And then he put on a real show.

My cock just about knocked the shutter doors of the closet wide open, as the guy suddenly dropped his armload of undergarments and stripped off his shirt, his pants. He stood there before me in just his black sneakers and sheer black pantyhose, his cock poling out even longer than mine.

I gulped, my balls popping with seed. His body was smooth and pale, every hair on his nut-sac shaven away, butt cheeks sticking out taut and rounded, legs and arms long and lithe, like his dick. He quickly slipped into a coral-pink pair of panties, secured a matching bra across his chest. Then stepped into a pair of red stockings, the red leather pumps he'd brought with him from my front door.

It was quite a sight, one he and I both enjoyed; me through the crack in the closet doors, the dolled-up dude in front of the large mirror that sits atop my bureau. I stroked my pulsing cock, pinched and rolled my wildly tingling nipples, as the Bandit stood in silk-sheathed legs and rubbed his satin-clad cock, pulling on his nipples through the bra. He moaned softly, sexily, oblivious to committing anymore crimes. It was time for me to take the law into my own hands.

I parted the shutter doors six inches or so, taking advantage of the thorough oiling I'd given the hinges just that afternoon. Then I tucked my dick in against my stomach and slipped through the opening, around in behind the posing pervert. He was so enthralled with his appearance, the feeling-up process, that he didn't even hear me, let alone see me. Until, that is, I gripped my rod and poked it against his pantied left cheek, growled, 'Put your hands up, Pantyhose!'

He jumped, the guy caught utterly off-guard. He'd gotten a little too cocky with all his recent successes; not quite cocky *enough* for me just yet, however. He shot his hands up into the air, body trembling most appealingly against my prick.

I kept it like that for a moment, enjoying the tremoring of his tush, the shape of his torso. Then I put a cap in his ass – my cap, shoving it under the panties and into his crack. He shuddered and gulped. I reached around, grabbed onto his cock in the scanties, gave it a stroke.

'We're going to do things my way from now on,' I rasped, the guy's dick filling my damp palm with a hot, pulsating need.

He nodded, keeping his hands high, his cock hard.

I pushed him down onto the bed. Then quickly secured his wrists and ankles to the bedposts with nylon and silk strands of stocking, brown and red and white and black. 'Just so you don't get away, before the cops ... come,' I said, not bothering to use the telephone on the nightstand to dial some help. Instead, I spread myself out on top of the girly-clad man, keeping his warm, beating body covered – with mine.

'What's your name?' I breathed into his face.

'N–Nevin,' he gasped through his pantyhose.

'Nevin,' I repeated, rolling it around in my mouth. Then I brought my mouth even closer, pressed it against his mouth.

We made intimate contact through his fine-threaded disguise, our lips joining warmly, then hotly. I grabbed onto his head and mashed my mouth into his through the pantyhose, grinding my cock against his cock through the panties. He shivered, straining at his sexy restraints, arching his hips so that his cock pushed harder and tighter against mine, the pair of surging appendages rubbing, squeezing, sliding together.

I thrust out my tongue, clotting his hose with my humid lust, painting his lips, pumping my cock into his cock. He moaned, writhing beneath me, pushing out his own tongue. The tip of our stickers met through the nylon and danced together, our hot breath steaming up a storm front.

I smelled sweat, the sweet, tangy stuff that sheened Nevin's exposed armpits. I licked his lips through the pantyhose again, his chin. He tilted his head back, and I lapped at his slender neck, his bobbing Adam's apple. Then I dragged my damp mouth-organ across the top of his chest and into his right armpit.

He groaned when my tongue hit the soft, moist, sensitive flesh of his shaven underarm, his cock jerking up against mine. I licked his armpit, really tasting the man, really loving the taste of the man. I scooped up some of his sweating need and carried it over to his mouth, smearing it across his lips and onto his tongue. Before diving back down and lapping at his other arm hollow, always fucking his cock with my cock.

I gripped his braed pecs, and squeezed. His heaving chest rose up in my hands, the bedposts creaking with the strain of his pulling arms. I pinched his nipples through the satin cups, rolled them, licked them, sucked on them. Before spilling his cups and grabbing onto his bare pecs, his naked nipples.

He gasped, body quivering beneath me. His pecs were smoothly mounded, his nipples tautly rigid. I swirled my tongue around one stiffened bud, the

other, rejoicing at their rubbery, pebbled textures. Then I sealed my lips over a jutting man-teat and sucked on it.

Nevin strained against his bindings, but there was no breaking loose. I pinched up his other nipple and captured it between my lips, sucked hard on that one. I bobbed my head back and forth, sucking, licking, biting, clutching his pecs and churning his cock.

And then I dropped lower, trailing my tongue down the man's tightened stomach, pouring into his bellybutton and swirling around; dragging lower. Until my tongue touched panty, and I abruptly painted the bulging outline under the satin with a series of hard, wet strokes.

'Yes!' Nevin cried, slamming his cock against my tongue.

I gripped his narrow hips and held him down, lapping at his panty-clad cock. His swollen hood and part of his smooth shaft peeked out the elasticised top of the sexy underwear, and I tickled them with my taste appendage, getting more than a rise out of the guy. In a matter of moments, his panties were just as wet as if there'd been a woman inside.

I drew them down with my teeth, fully exposing Nevin's dick. It sprung up and kissed against my nose. I left the panties bunched at his balls and blew on his bare cock. He gasped; groaned with pleasure when I took his meaty crown into my mouth and swallowed shaft halfway down. I bobbed my head, tugging with my lips, sucking on the man's awesome cock.

He rolled his head around on the pillows, breathing hard. His dick filled my mouth and part of my throat, beating inside me. I sucked hard and tight and quick, then more slowly, sensually, pulling my lips right up to the mushroomed cap and just about off, then diving right back down shaft again, devouring meat.

I sucked on and on, making him squirm and writhe, squirt pre-come. I gave his dick a couple more quick pulls, then dropped it from my mouth.

I jumped off the bed and scooped up some stockings from the overflowing bureau drawer, jumped back onto the bed before Nevin could whimper too much. Then he outright howled, with joy, when I lashed his cock with the slick, supple leg garments, winding them around and around the base of his prick, trussing up his balls into a bunched mass. So that his stake stood rigidly right up in the air, straining for something to impale – like a man's hot, tight anus.

I reached past Nevin's head and pulled some lube out of a drawer in the headboard. He thrust up his head, tongued my armpit through his pantyhose. I let him get in a couple of licks, then went to work on his cock again, this time coating it with something even slipperier than my saliva. I pumped his dong with my hand, greasing it good as he groaned.

My asshole was next. I reached back and around and lubed my pucker, groaning myself at the slick touch of my fingers on my rosebud, the plunge of those same digits right into my manhole. I was wet and stretched and ready for the biggest payoff of the whole erotic evening.

I straddled Nevin's hips, spread my cheeks. Then I slowly lowered myself down on his upthrust cock. His cap squished against my starfish. I dropped lower. His hood burst through my ring, was swallowed up by my anus. I sat down, splatting my cheeks on his thighs, his cock ploughing into my chute.

We groaned, the bed shaking like our bodies. I started bouncing, fucking myself on the guy's steel pole. His cock filled my ass to bursting, sawing my anus, wicked heat shimmering all through my overwrought body. Nevin pumped his hips, fucking my bung in rhythm to my frantic rising and falling.

It was a wild, wonderful ride. I grabbed onto Nevin's braed pecs, undulating my bum up and down on his spear. His cock churned my chute, filling me, fucking me, making my own bobbing cock hum with erotic sensation. I gripped it and ripped it, enjoying every inch of Nevin's dick oiling back and forth in my ass.

We moved faster, stroking harder. The bed groaned with our efforts, the air full of the cracking of thighs against cheeks, the moans and groans of two men getting it on. Then Nevin jerked and cried out, jetted white-hot semen up against my bowels; his cock overcoming its restraints and searing my anus with seed.

It was too much for me to withstand. My own dick went off in my fist, sperm leaping out and striping Nevin's chest and stomach. We came with jolt after jolt of ecstasy, Nevin creaming my chute, me his body.

'Well, I guess I can't hold you forever,' I sighed afterwards.

I popped off the guy's cock and unleashed it, watched it swell even bigger with the sudden rush of blood, then tongued the last drop of semen out of its slit. And then I untied the rest of Nevin's restraints. But only with the promise that he was going to be good from now on – and only break into my place in future.

Heavies

Jackson stepped off the bus into the cold driving rain. Wilton; deep in the coal mining region of the state, way deep in the minor hockey league system; deep enough to bury a man permanently if he wasn't careful, suffocate his dream of ever making it to the NHL.

Jackson was 22 years old, a huge, hulking man with the scars on his face and fists already a testament to how he played the game: tough; his role in the game: enforcer.

He grimaced, ran a big, square-knuckled hand through his bright blond hair, looking up at the leaden sky, then across the street at the dilapidated, barn-like structure that was the valley city's arena. He heaved his hockey bag up onto a broad shoulder, shuddered slightly, then strode across the street, intent on making the team.

Boyd hit the deserted city limits and drove on through. There were no brass band and cheering fans there to greet him, like when he'd won the Stanley Cup as a late-season add-on one long decade earlier. There was just wet, black, winding asphalt and abandoned warehouses and mills, craggy rocks jutting out from the moon-like landscape. He shifted the GTO down, slowing, slowing, always slowing, headed down into the valley. From the pinnacle of pro sports to near absolute bottom.

Boyd was 30 years old, six-feet tall, compact, muscular. His nose had been broken so many times it wandered his face, and his knuckles were so out of alignment they'd never form straight rows again no matter how much surgery he had.

He drove through the flashing yellow intersection lights along Main Street, turned off, into the parking lot of the arena. Then he snapped off the rumble of one of the last remaining toys of the glory days. He stepped out into the rain, lugged his hockey bag out of the car's trunk, stared at the 80-year-old arena.

It had come down to this, his dream of reliving the triumph that he'd tasted far too early and far too easy. The steady slide down had seemed inevitable after that, fuelled by booze and boredom and a belief in invincibility.

Boyd shuddered beneath his leather jacket, threw back his long black hair, a hard man still, but nowhere near unbeaten. His brown eyes shone with memories; and a fierce, renewed determination to give it one last shot. If he could latch on as the enforcer for the Thunder, he could begin the long climb back up. Anything beat driving a delivery truck for a living.

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye – a man walking across the street towards the arena; a big, broad, tough-looking man, striding confidently. Their burning eyes met through the pouring rain in the pre-dawn chill, and they both knew their jobs had just gotten a lot harder.

They tangled during the first practice. The coach of the Wilton Thunder was a

white-haired, red-faced guy who had worshipped at the temple of Fred Shero many, many hockey moons ago. He watched with a twinkle in his milky eyes, as Jackson and Boyd dropped the gloves before a puck had even been dropped and circled each other.

They clutched uniforms, started throwing. A right bounced off Boyd's temple, a left drove into Jackson's nose. It went back and forth, punches thrown at a furious pace, some landing, most not. Until their uniforms were so tangled up and the pair so exhausted that they didn't protest when the coach yelled at two other players to break it up.

'I like the game played rough and tough!' Coach barked afterwards. 'Team tough. There's only going to be room on this squad for one goon.'

The die was cast.

The first shift of the first scrimmage, Jackson nailed Boyd into the boards with a cross-check. Boyd saw stars, then came up swinging.

They bloodied each other's noses. Boyd's lower lip was split open down the middle. The coach let that fight go on for a full minute, the other players whacking the boards and the ice with their sticks when it was finally all over.

But it wasn't all over, not by a long shot. In the small, dreary dressing room afterwards, Jackson was bending over to pick up a roll of tape, dressed just in his jock, when Boyd shoved him from behind, headfirst into the row of metal lockers.

Boyd's upper body was bare, and his muscles popped all over his arms and chest, his smooth, pale skin gleaming with perspiration under the 30-watt bulbs. 'That's for your cheap shot,' he growled at Jackson.

The other picked himself up and gave his head a shake. His wet blond hair flopped over his eyes, and he slicked it back. His tall, tanned body was thick with vein-striated muscles, his thighs flared wickedly wide from a summer school of power skating. 'You're going to get more of those before this camp is over, old-timer. If you can't take it, retire.' Jackson grinned a clean row of teeth.

Boyd's tongue inadvertently sought out the gaps in his own dental work, as his eyes roamed over Jackson's lean, handsome face and young, hard body. Then he turned as if to go, but leapt back into the fray, tackling Jackson and smashing the both of them into the lockers.

The men grappled, their semi-nude bodies pressing together, big muscles straining. Boyd head-butted Jackson, momentarily stunning the younger man. Then Jackson kneed Boyd in the groin, the older man's jock only partially absorbing the blow.

They rolled onto the floor, around on the chewn-up carpet, the other players in various stages of undress scrambling to get out of the way. 'Save it for the motel room on the road, lovers!' Coach suddenly barked, putting a halt to the wrestling match.

He slapped his clipboard against his thigh. 'We're playing the Turnberry Wildcats tomorrow night, in Turnberry. Everyone gets to play. For now. Be

back at the arena at six tomorrow morning. It's a five-hour ride on the iron lung, boys, one-way.'

The other players groaned.

Boyd and Jackson got to their feet, glaring at one another.

Jackson quickly discovered that he and Boyd were already sharing the same motel in Wilton, a horseshoe-shaped, two-storey structure along the highway on the west side of town. He was walking by the leaf-filled wreck of the swimming pool, headed for the ice machine to continue nursing his various bumps and bruises, when he spotted Boyd through the partially open door of Room 12. The older man was stretched out on his bed in his underwear, watching a black-and-white movie on TV. Despite the frigid temperature outside, the ancient, overheated rooms made cracking a door or window mandatory.

Jackson thought about just walking by. He thought again.

'Better get your beauty sleep, old-timer,' he said, smacking Boyd's door wide open with his free hand.

Boyd leapt off his bed and into a fighting stance. Then he saw that Jackson was wearing just a bathrobe and flip-flops, an ice bucket in his hand, and he grinned at the man's battered face. 'Soaking your head in a bucket, huh? That's where it belongs, all right.'

Jackson entered the small, dingy room, walked up to Boyd. 'Why don't you just call it quits right now, Pops? Save my knuckles some punishment.'

Boyd spat in the man's face.

The hot spit struck Jackson on his left cheek, rolled down. He spat in Boyd's face, catching the other man full in the mouth.

Boyd licked Jackson's saliva from his lips, swallowed. Then he thumped the bright purple bruise on Jackson's chest, just above the man's left nipple. He didn't hit him hard with his folded fist, just enough for Jackson to really feel it.

The blond rocked back on his heels. He slapped Boyd's face, catching the smaller, stockier man right on the stitched-up cut that decorated his left cheek like a war ribbon.

Boyd's head twisted to the side and he groaned. He put his hand up to finger the wound. Then he tore Jackson's bathrobe open, grabbed onto the man's semi-erect cock and gave it a twist.

'Fuck!' Jackson grunted, jumping up onto his toes, his cock swelling in Boyd's hot, gripping hand despite the pain. He dug his fingernails into either side of Boyd's underwear and ripped the skimpy white briefs down.

Boyd's cock flopped out into the open, huge and heavy with blood. Jackson grabbed onto it, roughly pulled it. Boyd gasped and jerked forward.

The men stared at one another, face-to-face, cocks clenched tightly in each other's hands, cocks growing as hard as their bodies and thoughts. Jackson mashed his mouth down onto Boyd's mouth, savagely kissing the man. Boyd fought back with his tongue, shooting it into the younger man's wet, open

mouth and slamming it up against Jackson's tongue.

They wildly frenched, their cheeks bulging with each other's tongues, their hands clasping and pulling on each other's cocks; their hard, fully-engorged cocks, filling the squeezing hands with pulsating meat.

Boyd pulled his head back and attacked one of Jackson's taut, tan nipples. He bit into the rubbery bud, pulled on it, stretching it almost right off the groaning man's chest. Jackson grabbed Boyd's big, hairy balls with his other hand and gave them a ruthless jerk. Boyd groaned, but didn't let go with his teeth.

Jackson tugged on Boyd's prick, twisted the man's sac. As Boyd left his teeth marks behind on Jackson's one nipple, swirled his wet, red tongue all around the other. The blond grunted and shivered, sticking out his muscle-humped chest, spearing his cock deeper into Boyd's hand.

Boyd grasped Jackson's blond-dusted balls and gouged them with his fingers, digging into the testicles, separating and squeezing them individually. As Jackson sunk his fingernails into the veiny shaft of Boyd's cock and scratched all along its rigid length. The men panted, straining against one another, their big, heated, naked bodies close together.

Then Boyd suddenly pulled his hand off Jackson's swollen prick and slammed the man on the side of the shoulder, sending him toppling over onto the bed. He quickly joined his teammate there, the two men wrapping into a sideways 69, legs upraised for easy access to cocks and balls and asses.

Boyd inhaled Jackson's smooth, sculpted hood, sent his mouth and lips sailing down Jackson's clean-cut shaft. The blond followed suit, blossoming his red lips over Boyd's bloated cap and pouring his mouth down the brunette's bumpy shaft. The two men clutched at each other's muscular butt cheeks, joined at the mouth and cock.

Boyd moved his head back and forth, sucking Jackson's prick. He didn't go easy, though, giving the young man another rough ride, teeth scraping shaft, biting into hood. Jackson reciprocated, giving inches, and taking them, biting into Boyd's shaft, chewing on the man's cap.

The bed groaned with their heated movements, straining to contain the heavy pair of lusty he-man. The men sucked hard and fast on one another's cocks, cramming their mouths and throats full of throbbing meat, neither backing down from the challenge.

Boyd pulled his mouth off Jackson's cock only long enough to spit on two of his fingers, suck on the pair of digits. Then he swallowed the blond's pipe again, and hooked his slickened fingers in between Jackson's quivering butt cheeks and down into the man's asshole, busting pucker and plunging two knuckles deep.

Jackson groaned around Boyd's cock, his body jumping with the erotic intrusion of the fingers up his ass. He fought back with his own digits, rapidly wettening three and ramming them into Boyd's manhole.

The brunette gasped, gagging on Jackson's cock, the man's long fingers

diving full-length into his chute. The two men shimmered all over, ablaze with emotion, cocks jammed deep into mouths, fingers plugged deep into asses. And then the fucking began.

Neither man would give ground in the battle for supremacy, in the bedroom as it was on the ice. So neither would allow the other to top him, stick cock in ass and fuck bottom. So they pumped their hips, and fingers, fucking one another's mouths and throats and asses.

Jackson churned Boyd's wet-cauldron of a mouth with his cock, as he slammed his fingers back and forth in Boyd's chute. And Boyd did the same, driving his dick into Jackson's mouth, fucking the man's face, as he hammered ass with his fingers, reaming Jackson's anus.

The temperature in the tiny, stifling room skyrocketed, the air thick and heavy with the funk of sex and sweat, the muffled groans of the two men fucking and getting fucked. Neither would let up, pumping mouths, pumping asses. Their bare bodies shone with perspiration, their big muscles straining, buttocks clenching.

On and on it went, cocks and fingers pistoning, throats and butts getting ravaged raw. Until, at last, Boyd jerked, Jackson jerked, the blistering sexual pressure built to the blow-off point, no stopping it.

Boyd exploded in Jackson's mouth, blasting white-hot semen down the man's throat, in fearsome rhythm to the fingers sawing his chute. His cry of ecstasy was drowned in a shooting sea of Jackson's sperm, the blond's cock rupturing in Boyd's mouth and rocketing salty come, Boyd's driving fingers spurring on the heady gouts of ecstasy.

The men shuddered and jetted and pumped and swallowed, over and over again. They blew out everything they had in their balls, even in their joy each trying to outdo the other in volume and intensity and repetition.

Finally, when the last tremors of all-out orgasm had rippled through their muscular bodies, they shifted around face-to-face on the bed. They kissed, giving back as good as they'd gotten, swirling each other's warm, rubbery sperm around in their mouths. They crossed tongues again in the gooey mess, their cocks pressed tight together like their bodies, clutching one another in their arms.

They fought the Turnberry Wildcats to a draw, Boyd and Jackson both scoring a pair of kayos. Then the two men fought each other in their motel bedroom that night, on the ice at practice the following day, after the long, exhausting bus ride back to Wilton.

A week in, even the jaded old coach was shaking his head in amazement. He'd never seen such consistent ferocity, a burning hatred so passionate. He wanted to keep both men, but the GM overruled him, trading Boyd away just before the start of the grinding 84 game minor league season – to a rival team in the same division.

The men fucked and sucked like wild animals in Jackson's motel room that night. Then Boyd jumped in his car and keyed the engine to life, roared

off into the chilly, rain-streaked night with Jackson's warning that he'd kick his ass the next time they met – as opponents – ringing in his ears.

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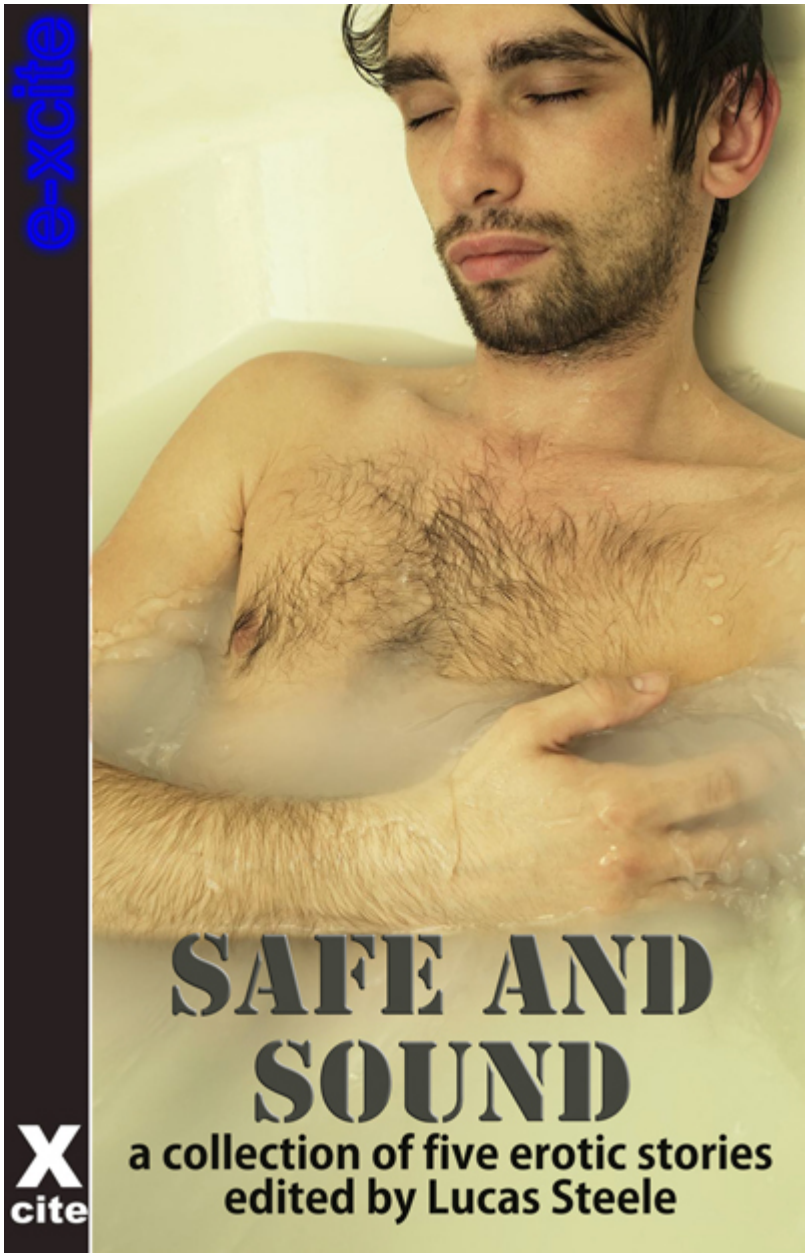
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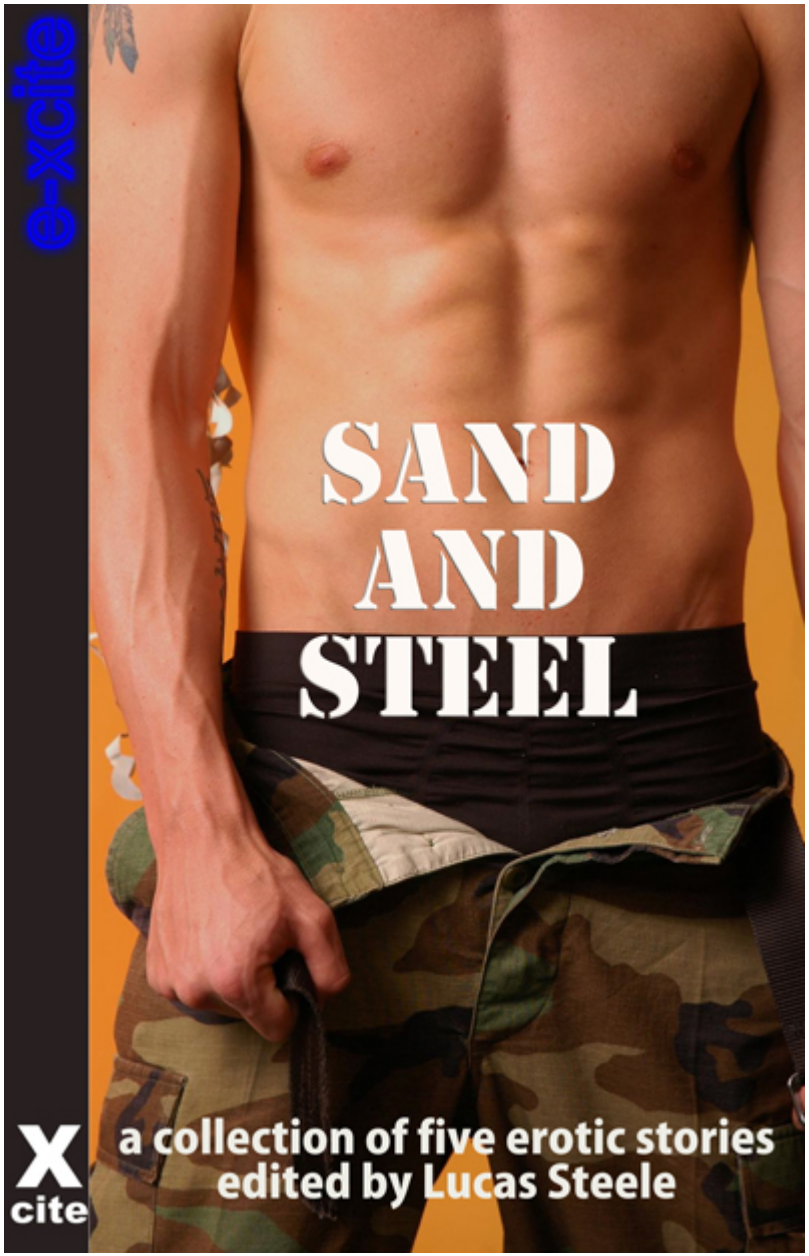
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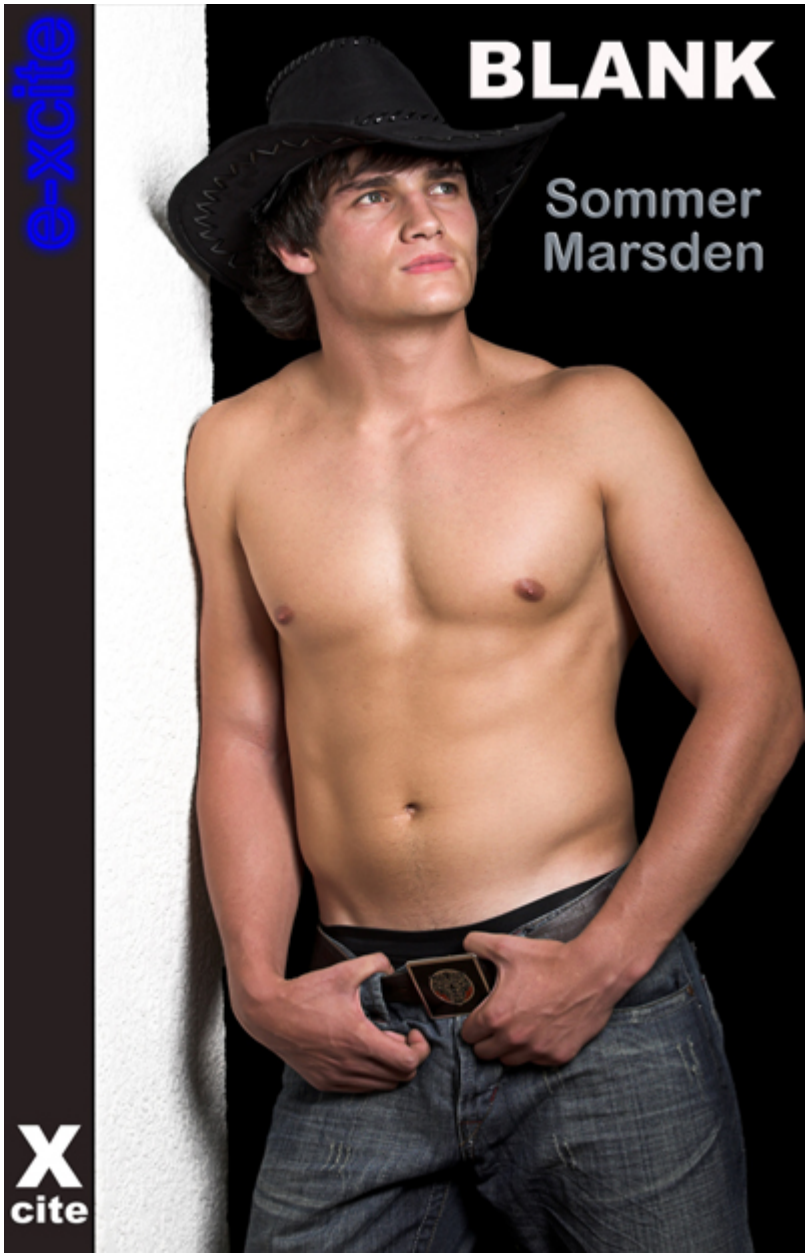
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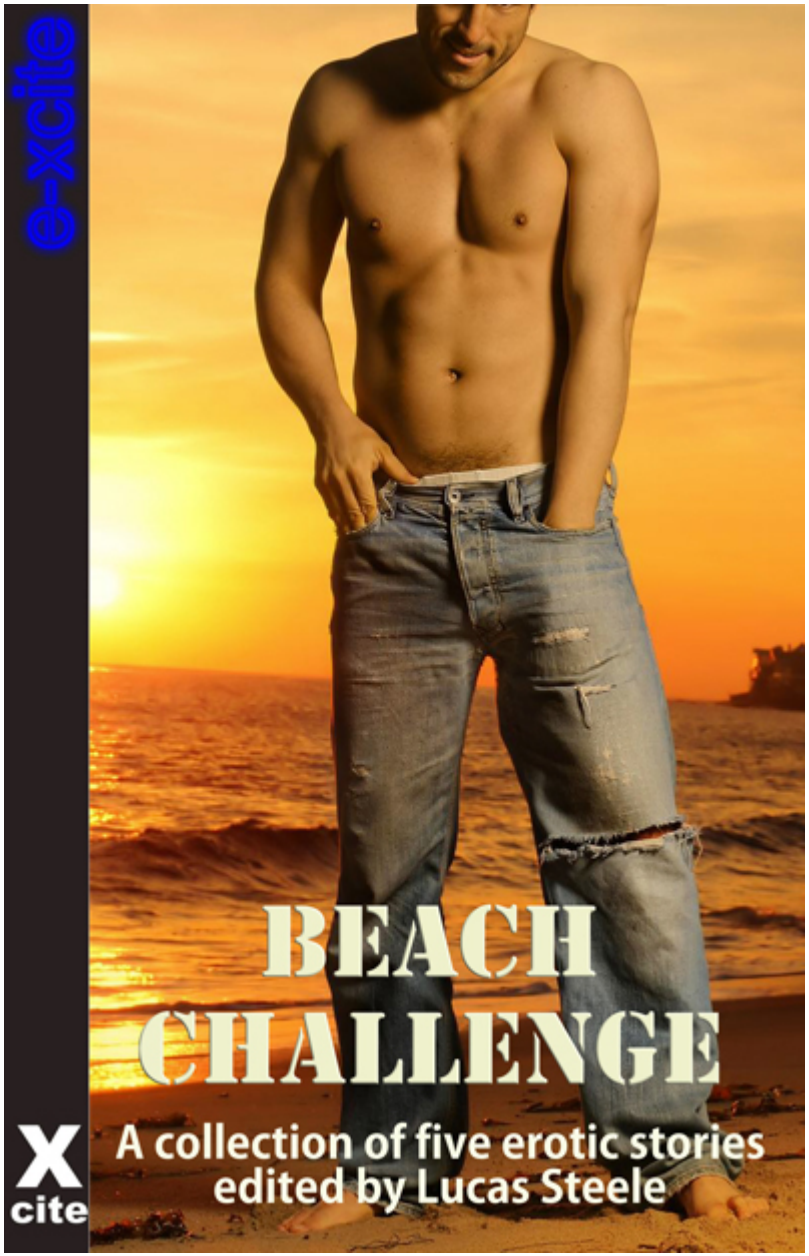
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